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BY - J. C. Dutt

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THE TWO ANCIENT MERCHANTS OF BENGAL.

BY J. C. DUTT.

Many of our readers are no doubt aware that in ancient times and under the sway of Hindu kings, Bengal was one of the principal maritime provinces of Eastern Asia. Her ships traded with the Chinese on the east and the Arabs in the west; and not only paid frequent visits to Ceylon, but penetrated far among the islands of the Indian Archipelago. It is perhaps impossible now to determine the exact extent of her commerce on the sea, though there can be no doubt that it was, considering the age, extensive. But the maritime glory of the country, like all her other glories, has long been swept into oblivion, and only occasional traces are now found here, and there to show what once it was.

Of the numerous bands of adventurous merchants who from time immemorial cut their way through the billows of the ocean, the names of only two now linger in the memory of their countrymen; the merchant Chand and the merchant Srimanta. But, unfortunately, though we have got written accounts respecting them, the accounts are so interspersed with mythological and romantic tales as to yield but little of what

is historically valuable. In the following pages however we shall try to examine what narratives we have of them and to give a short description of the ruins we lately visited which are yet connected with their names.

1.—THE MERCHANT CHAND.

Of Chand we have no written account professing to be a history of his life and voyage. But there is a book of quite another kind from which some account of his life may be gleaned. It will be remembered that when the Aryan conquerors of Bengal began gradually to settle down in the country, they came to be mixed up with the aborigines. Many of these people were enrolled as inferior separate castes of the conquerors. But those who were too influential among them to be set aside so summarily had to be accommodated in superior castes. Many of them were taken even into the rank of the Brahmins. The religion of the conquerors had to assimilate portions of the religion of the aborigines, some of their rites and forms of worship had to be observed by their conquerors; and even Hindu gods and goddesses had to make room in their heaven for some of those of the conquered. Indeed, the power of assimilation which the Hindu religion possesses appears to be its real strength. It will be out of place here to amplify more on the subject, but it may be remarked that all the reforms and all the protests that were made against the gross superstitious of the Hindu religion had to succumb to the all-powerful assimilative process of that religion. Even the Brahmoism of our day with European education to support it is fast merging into Hinduism against which at first it was a protest. We have said that even Hindu gods and goddesses had to make room in their heaven for some of those worshipped by the aborigines. This was not of course done in a day or without a struggle. The book called "Monshar Bhasan" written by Kahanananda Das assisted by Ketakananda Das shows after what struggle *Manaha* the aboriginal goddess of serpents found a place in the Hindu pantheon. It relates how the merchant

Chand suffered from his opposition to this goddess, and how at last he was obliged to acknowledge her divinity. From a book of this description any authentic account of the life of the merchant cannot be expected. All that can fairly be deduced from it is, that there did exist such a merchant as Chand, and that he was a rich and influential man of his age and country. However we will give a short narrative of his life from this book.

Chand was an inhabitant of Champanagore or Champaka as it was commonly called. He had six sons, but they all died owing to his quarrel with Mansha. This calamity did not curb Chand's spirit; on the contrary he abused Mansha and carried an iron mace with him with which he threatened to mark her head. But soon after he set out with seven boats, well laden, for trade, to the south. On his way he was overtaken by a storm raised at the desire of Mansha. His seven boats were sunk, and all the treasures contained in them were lost, and he after severe struggle in the water was just able to save himself. He was now obliged to beg from door to door. But though thus reduced by the ruthless goddess, his heart was yet unsubdued. He then entered a forest, and in its midst he met with a friend who accompanied him to his house. But here he saw the image of his implacable enemy and ran with a cudgel to break it. For this act of impiety he was turned out of the house. No means of livelihood was now left to him, and he was consequently obliged to join a party of wood cutters who earned their bread by selling wood which they cut in the forest. But even here the vengeance of the goddess pursued him. The bundle of wood which he cut had by the malignity of Mansha become too heavy for him to carry. Chand afterwards sought asylum in the house of a Brahmin and agreed to serve him for his meals; but not being able to work satisfactorily, he was turned out. In this way he returned home where in the meantime his wife had given birth to a son who was named Nokhendra. Being destitute of every thing, even of decent clothing, he resolved, on arriving at his

native town, to avoid exposure before his townsmen and to enter his house under the cover of night.—For this purpose he hid himself during the day in a neighbouring plantain garden. Mansha however who came to know of his doings, went that day to the wife of the merchant, in the guise of a soothsayer and prophesied that that very night a thief would come to her house, giving her a description of her unfortunate husband, and advising her to give the thief a sound beating. This was accordingly done, and Chand received a good thrashing before he could make himself known. His entry to his house after the disasters in his trade was therefore none of the happiest.

Weeks, months and years rolled away, and Chand lived at home in ease and comfort, and had yet sufficient means left to be honoured and respected in society. His infant son Nakhendra grew up to a young age, and it was thought advisable to celebrate his marriage. Emissaries were accordingly sent out in search of a fitting bride. Behula, the dancing girl, daughter of the Merchant Saya who lived in the town of Nichhani was at last selected to be united to Nakhendra. It had been so arranged by Mansha that Nakhendra should die of snake bite on the night of his marriage; and Chand to frustrate her design had caused a room to be built entirely of iron by Vishvakarma the architect of the gods. Vishvakarma on completing the work was returning home when on the way he was met by Monsha. Knowing that it would be impossible for her serpents to enter the room of iron built by the architect of heaven, she cajoled him to act faithlessly towards Chand. Vishvakarma accordingly returned to the merchant on some pretence, and drilled a narrow hole in the iron mansion.

The marriage was celebrated as usual, and after the ceremonies were over, the bride and the bridegroom were removed to the strong room, there to pass the night. But as Monsha had already outwitted her human antagonist a serpent bit the young bride-groom at the third part of night; and ere long he lay a cold corpse. The grief and confusion which followed

in the morning were but augmented by the strange resolution which the bride adopted. Instead of giving up the dead body to the usual funeral rites, she proposed to drop it in the river and herself to float down along with it, still she could revive her dead lord or die in the attempt. She was a sincere worshipper of Mansha and her faith in the goddess was immovable, she hoped therefore to accomplish the task she undertook.

The dead man and the living woman accordingly drifted down the river in a flotilla made of plantain trees. There is nothing in their journey that is worthy of notice here, except perhaps the names of the few towns they passed and which towns must have flourished in the days of the writers. At last they reached the Tribani on the Hooghly as the river is called in English. Here three holy streams meet or rather separate; and the place is therefore considered sacred and the abode of gods. Here they had the good fortune to meet the washerwoman of the gods, and in her house she became a lodger. She worked for the woman and washed the clothes of Shiva so well that she was called to the assembly of the gods whom she pleased with her dance; for she knew dancing well. To cut a long story short, through the favor of the gods and under the promise that she would convert her father-in-law to the faith of Mansha and establish her worship in the world, she was able not only to revive her husband long dead and in a state of foul decomposition, but to revive the other brothers of her husband who had died on account of their father's opposition to Mansha; and she came home with fourteen boats laden with wealth, i. e. twice the number of boats and amount of treasures which her father-in-law had lost in his disastrous expedition years before. The upshot of the story is, that Chand was converted to the worship of Mansha who came down from heaven to receive his offerings, but finding that Chand still held in his hand the iron mace with which he had so long threatened to break her head, her faith in the sincerity of her

new convert was shaken, and she would not come to his house till Chand had cast that dreaded instrument far away. The quarrel was thus made up and the worship of Mansha was thus established in the world.

The book from which we have gathered the above story affords a very interesting insight into the nation's life at a period when the aborigines were being mixed up with the Aryans. It shows how the aboriginal gods and goddesses, the aboriginal rites and customs came to be adopted by the Aryans. In Bengal, in those portions of it at least which adjoin the Chota Nagpore hills, the aboriginal people formed a large proportion of the population; and the necessary consequence was the reconstruction into a new body of the religious beliefs and rites borrowed from the faiths of better peoples. When we consider the number of non-Aryan deities that have found a place in the pantheon of the present population of Bengal and the number of ceremonies that are prevailing among them, we have no doubt left in our mind that no inconsiderable body of non-Aryans must have been mixed up with the Aryans and have formed the present Bengalee race. But we are wandering from our subject. However interesting the book before us may be in other respects, it yields but little as regards the history of the merchant whose name has been handed down to us from the remote past.

Of ruins there are but few connected with the name of Chand. About six miles to the south of Mankar railway station in the district of Burdwan and just on the bank of the Damodar stands an insignificant village by the name of Kusha; and this village is said to be the site of the town in which Chand lived. From the general aspect of the place around, it appears that it is the site of a deserted village. There are only about half a dozen empty temples of quite modern construction and of small size, such as are generally raised by poor village people. There are no heavy ruins of ponderous buildings visible above ground, to indicate that once a city of any con-

siderable extent stood there. The place around is strewn with broken tiles (kholas) much as would be found in a place where a village once stood. It may be that the spot being in the heart of a populous country, any ruins that might have existed have been cleared in the course of time, or it may be that ruins might be discovered if excavations were made. But from the general features of the country above ground it appears to have been the site of some important modern village.

Besides the small and empty temples mentioned above, there is one of somewhat larger size built on an eminence which is yet tenanted by the symbol of Shiva about four cubits high. It is called the *Chota Siva*. Hard by is another smaller figure without a temple, which is known by the name of *Barashiva*. It is said that originally it was larger than the other; but one evening a devotee came and took shelter in the temple, and at night broke open the head of the god and extracted a jewel. The strokes not only fractured the top (as can be seen to this day), but sank the shaft considerably under the ground! These two images, it is said, were set up by Chand. They are not in form and appearance like the ordinary linga of black stone worshipped throughout Bengal, but are made of red sandstone and in the form of pillars with the capitals broken off and the heads rounded. Near these images, there is a small mound of earth said to be the site on which the iron room was built for Nakhendra, and a small channel cut on a fragment of masonry work is pointed out as the hole through which the serpent entered the bridal chamber. At a short distance from this spot is an old decrepit tree which is believed to be the same Hijal tree to which the merchant tied his barks laden with merchandize. Apart from the rest and within the non-populous village stands a hut within which the image of Mansha still receives the homage of the people of the neighbourhood.

These are the poor relics that are shown to the mousing antiquarian or the curious traveller who, led by the reputation

of the ancient Chand Swadagar, pays a tribute to his memory by visiting the spot connected with his name.

2. THE MERCHANT SRIMANTA.

Many of our countrymen will remember the thrilling interest with which when boys they listened to the tale and saw the opera of the perils and adventures of Srimanta both by land and sea. Those who have read the works of Mukundaram will have a more abiding interest in the voyages of this ancient merchant. But though his deeds were great, and commemorated though they are by a poet, the very vestige of his house has been swept away from the face of the country, and the traveller wanders in vain for some relics of this dauntless voyager.

We have already alluded to the works of Mukundaram and those who read Bengali will find the whole account (though not strictly a historical one) of this merchant in that great work. To our English reader we would recommend Mr. R. C. Dutt's "Literature of Bengal," from which book we will extract a few passages regarding the life of this merchant.

There lived a king named Vikramaditya and his capital was Ujjin. The names of both the king and the capital are evidently borrowed from those of the great Vikramaditya of Central India and of his famous city. In the court of this king lived a merchant named Dhanapati. This too (as it signifies master of riches) seems not to be his real name, but the nickname which his countrymen probably gave him on account of the wealth he collected by merchandize. "Dhanapati, a *Gandha-Banic* (literally spice merchant) by caste, and trader by profession, exhibits his pigeons to the king one day; when it so happens that one of the pigeons flies off and drops down where Khullona, a girl of twelve years old, was playing. Dhanapati goes to her and demands her pigeon, and is at the same time pleased with the amiable face and demeanour of the young girl. He had married a cousin of Khullona before,

and as merry repartees are allowed between such relatives, Khullona replies him wittily, and so captivates him the more. The whole conversation is pleasing and natural. Proposals follow, and Khullona's father consents to the match. * * * The marriage follows,—but the happy pair are not allowed to taste its sweets. The king wishes to have a golden cage for a pet bird, and Dhanapati is ordered to go to Eastern Bengal where alone such things could be manufactured. The king's order is inviolable, and Dhanapati leaves his country (District-Burdwan) leaving his new wife Khullona to the tender mercies of his fellow wife Lahana." The former "falls out with her fellow wife as any other woman under the circumstances would, and even returns her taunts and bloys. * * *

* * Khullona at last succumbs, and consents to taking out her husband's goats every day to the fields to graze." At last "Lahana repents of her actions, embraces Khullona as her sister and relieves her of her humiliating work. Soon after Dhanapati who,—a pleasure-loving, quiet, elderly gentleman as he was,—was leading a reprehensible life in Eastern Bengal, returns to his country with the golden cage, and who is so happy as the young and beauteous Khullona, the darling of her husband?" But there was no rest for the merchant nor peace for Khullona." "The king * * is in want of some spices and Dhanapati must again leave his home and his young wife then with child, and sail to Ceylon for the required things. * * Going down the Ajaya the vessel comes to the modern Hooghly River and successively passes by Matiari, Chandigacha, Bullupur, Nadiya town, Mirjapur, Ambua, Maluk, Santipur, Guptipara, Ula, Khimsha, Kulia, Jasipur, Tribanti, Halishahar, Gorifa, Gondolpara, Jôgaddal, Bopara, Ichapur, Mahesh, Khardaba, Ronnogur, Kotôranga, Kochinan, Chitpur, Salikha, Calcutta, Bitor, Balughata, Kali-ghat, Nachongacha, Vaishnobghatta, Baraset, Chatrabagh, Ambulinga, Hateghur, Satna, and then comes into the boisterous Magura. There a storm arises and destroys most of the

boats. Passing by Medini Malla, Birkhana, Kānpata, Dhuligram, Angarpur and Ghatkan and other places, the merchant comes into the land of the Firingis (Portuguese) whom the poet has spoken of in very uncomplimentary language. After this the Merchant comes out into the open sea, and the poet's notions of Geography becomes somewhat hazy; for he makes his hero pass first through a sea of prawns and lobsters, then through a sea of crabs, then through one of snakes, then of alligators, then of cowries, then of conches! Anyhow the Merchant at last manages to come to Satubandha and thence to Ceylon. In the adjacent seas, Dhanapati sees through the deception of Chundi, a marvellous sight, viz., that of a damsel of superb beauty sitting on a lotus and swallowing elephants! He narrates this story to the king of Ceylon who takes him to be a liar and imposter, and imprisons him, and so ends his adventure.

"At Ujjaini, Khullona has a son whom she names Sripati or Srimanta. In the course of time the infant grows up to a boy and with other boys, goes to the village Patshala. One day, the guru gets enraged with Srimanta and taunts him in very vulgar terms with reference to the absence of his father. The boy returns home, and, though of tender years, resolves on going in quest of his father. All persuasion is in vain, the boy has the determination of a man, and has made up his mind, * * Poor Khullona has not the heart to let her son go to that distant region from whose bourne his father had not returned." He reaches Ceylon and succeeds in rescuing his father from prison and returning home with him.

About twelve miles from the Railway station of Ghooshkara on the loop line of the E. I. R., and on the banks of the Kunoor (Koh-noor ?) where that hill stream joins the Ajaya is situated Thana Mangalkote* within the subdivision of Cutwa in the Burdwan District. Here there are several huge mounds

*. Not the corruption of Mongulcote as some would believe; for in Chaudi

of earth which are pointed out to have been the palace of Raja Vikramaditya. Here and there the remains of ancient brick walls or filled up wells are seen, as also large tanks. It must be remembered that when on the overthrow of Hindu power, Mahomedans succeeded in authority, they utilized here as elsewhere the existing buildings of the Hindus with certain modifications and change of names. The mounds are accordingly called by Mahomedan names, such as Kacharidanga, Hazaridanga &c. indicating the site of the court, the hall of attendance &c. Whether or not the same sites were actually occupied by the palace of Vikramaditya is not known except from local tradition; nor can this fact be ascertained till some excavations are made. There is another mound hard by on which stands a ruined mosque. The elaborate carvings on the bricks are of Mahomedan make, but the almost effaced inscriptions on stones which are in Bengali characters show that the Mahomedans utilized old Hindu structures in building this mosque. It is called majlisdanga, and near it is a large tank called majlisdigi. Similar mosques and tanks were made by the Mahomedans every eight miles along the road to Moorshedabad; and which served as resting places for travellers. On the side of the river is a small village which still retains the glorious name of Ougin; and about two miles from this village is pointed out the field where Dhanapati's pigeon dropped and where he met the charming Khollona. This place is even now called Pairadanga. Crossing the rivulet here we come to another field where Khollona was doomed to the humble task of tending goats; and in the wood hard by she lost one of her goats which gave her no small trouble and anxiety. Between these two fields the rivulet has cut through a new channel and has disclosed the foundations of some ancient buildings. Here again the place is worth excavating, to ascertain, (if it can be ascertained) the history of the place.

No relic exists of the house of Srimanta Swadagar, nor is even any site pointed out by the people of the place to indicate the spot where his house once stood.

It is difficult to determine the time when the two merchants whose accounts we have given in these pages lived. In neither of the two books from which the above accounts have been taken is any mention made of dates. They however

appear to have been nearly contemporaneous. It is stated in the work of Makundaram that the father of Khullona was advised not to marry her daughter to the grandson of the merchant Chand, for Mansha had ruined him.

যেবা চাঁদ সদাগর, তার নাতি আছে বর,

বর বর চম্পক নগরী ।

তার সনে কৈলে কাজ, সভাতে পাইবে লাজ,

সর্বনাশ কৈল বিষহরি ॥

Then again among the names of those who were invited on the occasion of the birth of Srimanta we find that of Chand of Champaganore. In Manshar Vashan also we find that one of the emissaries, who were sent out to find a fitting bride for Nakhendra, arrived at the place of Dhanapati.

এতেক শুনিয়া তবে দ্বিজ জনাৰ্দ্দন ।

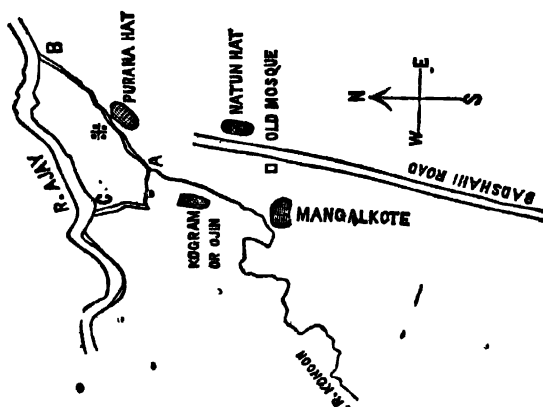
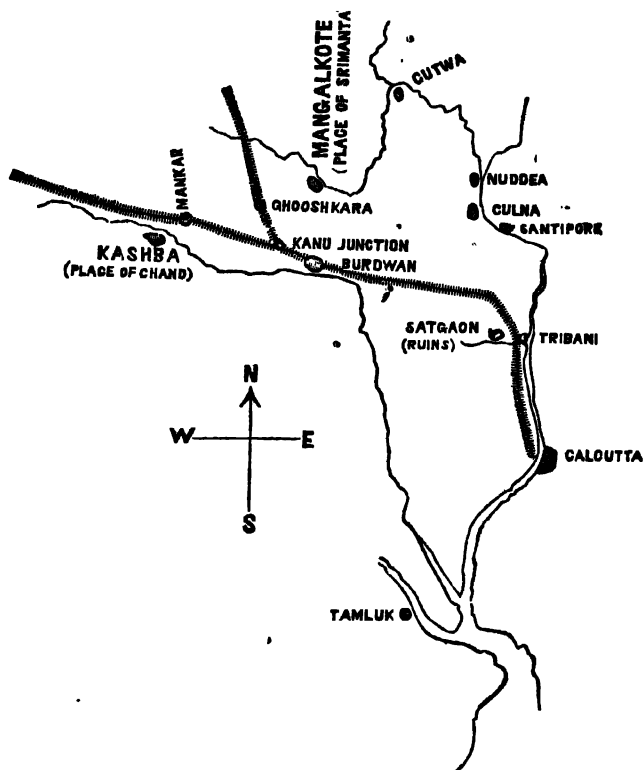
ঘটক লইয়া দ্বিজ করিল গমন ॥

সাধু ধনপতি বাস উজান নগরে ।

আগে গিয়া উপস্থিত হৈল তার ঘরে ॥

In the absence of any proof to the contrary we may hold for reasons given above that the two merchants were contemporaneous, or nearly so. This does not however settle the age in which they lived. But if we can venture a conjecture we would fix the period to the time just before the Mahomedan conquest of Bengal. It was during the days of independence that the people of Bengal displayed those virtues of energy and adventure which were wholly lost when they were subjected to a foreign sway. And these merchants being the last of the band of traders who crossed the sea for traffic were remembered to the times of the authors who celebrated their deeds. Again if the places on the Damodar and Ajaya which are now identified with the places in which the merchants lived, be really their nativities, it must be admitted that both these rivers were then navigable for sea going vessels of those days which they are not now. And it is not at all improbable that they have taken at least six or seven hundred years to silt up and shrink to their present diminutive currents. It may be well here to mention that in describing the course of the young bride of Nakhendra down the river to Tribani and of Srimanta and of his father down to the sea, both the writers on whose accounts we have based this narrative, name towns and villages which bear Mahomedan designations and titles. But this fact does not in

any way prejudice our conjecture as to the age of the merchants. For the localities named prove nothing more than that they existed in the days of the writers.



THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA,

JOHN. IV.

It was a summer's evening. The day had been exceptionally hot, and I was sitting on the terrace of my house with the Bible on my lap—

"But what has *he* to do with the Bible"? I hear my my sanctimonious neighbour, Jacques Ferrand, say; devout Jacques Ferrand, who interlards his conversation with Scripture texts, congratulates himself that he is the only fit person for Heaven, and, while consigning his relatives and others to the nether regions, turns up his eyes and thanks his stars that *he* is not like them.—Ah! my friend, Jacques Ferrand,—a time will come when you will have to go down on your marrow bones and repent in ashes for having envied the prosperity of others and for the want of that love, which has no place in you,—that love and long-suffering and charity, with which *your* Master and mine endows all true believers in Him. You may rail at me to your heart's content, my amiable friend, Jacques Ferrand, but my only reply to your railings will be in the words of the poet:—

"Watch with me Jesus in my loneliness:

Though others say me nay, yet say Thou yes;

Though others pass me by, stop Thou to bless."

—Well,—I was sitting on the terrace of my house with the Bible on my lap, and the chapter which was open before me was the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, that glorious chapter so full of consolation to the sinner, so vivid in all its beautiful details and so characteristic of the undying love of the Saviour for lost, wretched humanity. As I read on, the white page of the Book was darkened by a shadow, and, looking behind me, I saw the benevolent countenance and gentle eyes of that Man of God, to whom I owe so much,—the beloved pastor of our little congregation, looking kindly down upon me. He approvingly nodded his head, and laying

his hand on my shoulder, smilingly asked the identical question which Philip the Evangelist had put to the Ethiopian eunuch :—"Understandest thou what thou readest?"—What could I do but reply, as the Ethiopian had done :—"How can I unless some one shall guide me?"—

Then that man of God sat down beside me, and, taking from my hand the Holy Book, commenced at the commencement, and as he went on, new light broke in upon me, what was difficult before became easy of comprehension and the rough places were made smooth. For more than an hour I listened with breathless attention to the tide of eloquence which issued from his lips. When he had ceased, and, after breathing a short prayer, had departed, I seemed still to hear the music of his voice, till I was roused by the clamour of my children around me, and found that it was night and the pure sky glittering with myriads of stars. I rose, went into my room and noted down, as best I could, what I had heard. Perhaps my notes will be found useful to one helpless like myself, and an apology is, therefore, hardly needed for publishing them.

It was about Jesus and the woman of Samaria. In what a glorious light our Lord here appears! He, the Lord of Life, the Creator of the universe, holding converse with one degraded and debased,—hateful alike in the sight of God and man. O wondrous patience!—O exemplary lowliness!—O holy Love!—a love which passeth understanding,—a love which brought down God Himself to earth for the salvation of sinful man!

There is a remarkable connection between these two chapters in the Gospel of St. John,—chapters III and IV, that is, between the meeting of our Lord with Nicodemous and His meeting with the Samaritan woman. It is for this reason that these two chapters stand side by side, and no doubt the Holy Spirit so arranged them. This connection is only apparent after careful perusal, but the clue once obtained, it is beauti-

fully visible. From these two events in our Lord's life and from his conversation with Nicodemus and with the Samaritan woman we can plainly see that "with God there is no respect of persons," that all *men* are equal in His sight. Nicodemus, standing on the highest step of the ladder of religious morality and purity, and the Samaritan woman, wallowing in impurity and guilt, receive equal attention and equal sympathy from Jesus;—Nicodemus, a Pharisee of Pharisees, a ruler, a teacher of Israel, loved and respected by all, and the Samaritan woman, one of the unfortunate *hetairai* by profession, openly carrying on her sinful trade, despised and shunned by every respectable person, receive the same earnest instruction and advice from Jesus,—the same injunction,—that they must be born again, be new creatures altogether, in order to be able to enter the kingdom of God.—In His sight, when He preached the Gospel, there was no difference between Jew and gentile, between pharisee and publican. They all stood and still stand on the same footing, because *all* have sinned, (Romans III. 21.)—they all lack the same thing,—the Water of Life,—they all need New Birth.—The adulteress and the pharisee are both unworthy of Heaven, for admittance is only given to those who have looked to the Cross and received salvation, to those who have been cleansed by the Blood of Jesus, who, on this earth, have got the new Life,—and that new Life can only be received *here*.

But let us go to the Well and see what is happening there, O the sight that meets our eyes! We find there God Himself,—the Lord of Heaven and Earth, of Life and Spirit, in His lowly guise as the Son of Man, fainting, with heat, covered with dust, parched with thirst, weary with travel, resting alone by the side of the well,—and waiting for her,—the sinful soul,—who will be drawn by the Father to the Son that she may be saved! What can exceed in beauty, in glory, in sublimity such a picture as this! It has peculiar charms, no doubt, for believers, but it has charms also for

those who do not believe, for the Son of Man stands before us so lovable in His humility, so attractive and so glorious as to enrapture every beholder. He preaches no moral lessons, He sets no difficult tasks, He makes no peremptory injunctions. We only see the Lord of Heaven, talking and walking with men, now with the rich, now with the poor,—now with the learned, now with the ignorant,—now with pharisees, like Nicodemus, and now with sinners like this poor woman of Samaria. Pleasant, humble and gracious to all. Saying to all:—"Give me a little water to drink, for I am thirsty.—Give me what is in your power to give,—your heart and your Will, and, in exchange, I will give you of the Water of Life." Thus He spoke to the woman of Samaria and thus He speaks to us, sinners. Happy they in whose hearts His words find place, take root and fructify! Happy they who turn not away from Grace so freely offered!

And there, weary and worn, He sits beside the well. What though the heat is intense, what though His tongue cleaves to the roof of His mouth with thirst and fatigue,—He forgets all these and patiently waits for one of those lost children He has come to save. Heat, thirst and fatigue what are these to the supreme happiness of fulfilling the wish of His Father in Heaven!

At last she comes. Observe that she comes alone and in the middle of the day. It was the custom then, as it is so now, for women to go to the wells early in the morning and after sunset, not alone but in bands. From the fact that she comes alone and at noon, we can see that she is ashamed to appear in the company of those who would regard her as a fallen creature and, with reason, shun and avoid her. Therefore she sought this time of the day to fetch water, for she knew the well will then be deserted. This, in itself, is a good sign in her. She is not, like others of her condition, lost to all sense of shame. Her heart had not been completely petrified.* We may be sure that she had neither rest

nor peace within her, and that her gay ornaments and her sickly smile but ill concealed the canker in her heart. So she comes and finds (though, of course, without recognizing) the Messiah, who talks with her as never man talked with her before, "who draws her heart out from her keeping, who humbles yet comforts her, who forces into her mind the conviction of her own sin and unworthiness and leads her to ask for that which He is all too ready to give,—pardon, forgiveness,—New Life.

O Holy Love ! O Grace divine ! A glory, a magnificence,—a halo, sublimer than that which irradiated the newly-created world, when all the sons of God clapped their hands and shouted with joy on beholding the primeval birth, shone upon and around that humble well of Jacob, where God incarnate displayed his unspeakable love for fallen man !

The careful reader of the Bible will not fail to perceive the shade of difference in the manner in which our Lord dealt with Nicodemus and with the Samaritan woman respectively ; —and this difference was necessary. To Nicodemus, who was ignorant that "the Law was given by Moses, but Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ,"—(John 1. 17.) He preached Truth,—said that regeneration was necessary, overthrowing thereby Nicodemus' ideas of self-righteousness and destroying the bulwarks of the Law which Nicodemus had thought were so strong and impregnable. To the woman of Samaria, however, He preached Grace. But both, it is curious to observe, gave the same reply to our Lord :—"How can that be" ? The kingdom of God was set before both, but they could neither see nor understand. This is not strange, for we daily see such blindness and want of comprehension in thousands, proceeding solely from self-sufficiency, carelessness and sin. We see the Lord's kingdom offered and coming to men,—to some in Truth and Righteousness,—to others in Grace and Love, but where do we find a ready acceptance of the proffered gift ? The natural man cannot understand and appreciate its value,

for his eyes ~~are~~ rendered blind and his heart is hardened, so that he can neither see nor be converted. He has eyes, ears and understanding for everything except for Righteousness Truth and Grace.

The gift of Grace is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord (Romans vi. 23). Therefore our Lord says to the woman, "Hadst thou known the gift of eternal life, thou wouldst have prayed to me for it, and I would have given it to thee. But the woman's eyes were blinded and her understanding deadened, and she could not see, she could not comprehend the depth and significance of these words. Neither was she aware of her own wants. The well, Jacob's well, was indeed deep, as she had herself affirmed, but the well of her own heart,—full of foul and poisonous water, was deeper. God's Grace, however, could reach the bottom, though the depth was ever so great. This she soon found out.—Poor woman!—she asks:—"art thou greater than our father Jacob"?—not knowing that the God of Jacob was speaking with her and offering her the cup of salvation

To unders'tand God's Words and to believe in them, the Spirit of God must dwell in our hearts. To have the eyes opened in order to recognize Christ, it is necessary that the Lord should touch them and heal us of our blindness. Many learned men who stand on the highest round of the ladder of education, who are able expositors and wonderful teachers, can, in spite of their learning and intellect, neither recognize the Lord nor enter into the spirit of his words. But though this woman failed to recognize the Saviour, His words and manners made a deep impression on her. As the hearts of the two disciples going to Emmaus "burned within them", while they conversed with Jesus on the way without recognizing him (Luke xxiv. 32), so the heart of this woman must have been stirred to its very depth at the words of Christ, though unknown to her was the cause of her strange emotion. She was, therefore, unwilling to put an end to the interesting

conversation, and she continued to ask question upon question, listening with wonder to the replies given. Our Lord, too, saw this. He had read her heart and perceived that the good seed of the Word had fallen upon proper ground. He would not let her slip out of his hands and He slowly opened her eyes and gradually led her on from truth to truth.

When the Lord spoke to her about the "Living Water" she had no idea of what it was. She knew of the water which could be drawn out of the well, but she could not comprehend the significance of "Living Water" and of its wonderful property, which will not allow him who drinks of it to feel thirsty again.—She was sorely puzzled, and in order to put her doubts to an end, was induced to ask for it. Would it not be well if, every tank, well and water-stand in the streets had a board put up near it with the inscription,—"*He who drinks of this water will thirst again*"?—for it may be that the attention of some thirsty wayfarer will be directed to the fact, that there is another kind of water, different from what he has come to fetch, and, who knows, but that thirsty soul may be prompted thereby to search for this water of wonderful quality, this "Living Water,"—and be saved.

In Hades and Hell there is not to be found a single drop of water. There fire, unquenchable fire creates a raging thirst, to quell which no means are at hand. (Luke xvi. 24) It is prudent for all, therefore, to provide themselves beforehand with this "Living Water,"—and they will thus have a talisman to ward off the torments so vividly described in Luke xvi. 24. Who is there in this world who does not feel thirst? but alas! how few search for and find this Water of Life? There are those who spend their entire life,—from their childhood to old age,—in going from well to well, never satisfied and with their thirst still unquenched, till at least death overtakes them, that "night in which no man can work." How truly pitiable, how sad is their fate! But more fearful is the condition of those, who, having once tasted of the Water of

Life," turn back to drink again the foul water of this earth, and, in their insanity, prefer the latter to the former. What remedy is there for such men!—Come, O ye thirsty souls, to the well of Jacob,—come, and drink of the water of life, which is freely given to them who only ask for it. "Drink of it, lave in it", and ye shall never know again what thirst is. "It shall become in ye a well of water springing up unto eternal life"!

Reading and hearing the Word of God increase our longing for the "Living Water." That which cools from without is transient in its effects. It is only when the source of coolness and refreshment is within us, when we have provided ourselves with the Water of Life, which never fails, that permanent relief may be expected. The spring of Living Water is the Holy Spirit of God. By its innate quality it increases within us in a marvellous degree, till it springs up,—to its source,—a sparkling and joyous fountain. By this Water, this Spirit of God, we are placed in communion with our Father in Heaven, by it we are regenerated and saved. Such are the truly wonderful qualities of this precious gift.—O weary wayfarer, fainting with thirst, O soul, sick and ill at ease, ask for this gift and it will never be withheld from thee.

It is no wonder, therefore, that on hearing of the marvellous qualities of the Water of Life, the Samaritan woman was induced to ask for it.—She was still in the dark, her conscience had not yet been touched, she had not recognized the Lord. She understood His words in their material sense.—And how does the Lord now act? Does He act as a man would have acted under such circumstance? Does he lose patience and, thinking that nothing can be done with such an ignorant and wilful soul, give the woman up in despair? Ah! no.—He never breaks a bruised reed nor quenches the smoking flax. He never ceases till he send forth Judgment unto Victory. He sees the necessity of opening the eyes of the woman to her own sin and uncleanness and, therefore, aims a shaft at her

of wonderful force and efficacy. "Go call thy husband and come hither," says He to her. At once the woman is self-convicted and abashed. The Lord had said to her, as it were:—"Woman, I can do nothing with thee, till thou art convinced of thy own sins and thy own unworthiness." Her conscience is touched—for without an awaking of the conscience, no change for the better can take place in a man, nor can he be in a state to receive the gift of Life) and she stands astounded.—"And come hither,"—that is, "come back to me. Do not fear that I shall go away. I shall wait patiently till you return." O love! O wondrous love! O the patience, the meekness, the tenderness of our beloved Saviour in His dealings with poor, wretched, sinful men!

We can well conceive the wonder or rather the amazement,—the inward alarm of the poor stricken woman. Gone is her levity, gone her inclination for prompt repartee. Happy was it for her that she did not strive to prevent the shaft from striking her conscience, happy was it for her that when it struck, she did not endeavour to pluck it out and to heal the wound by satauic balsams and unholy devices. It is absolutely necessary to allow our consciences to be pierced by the shafts of the Lord, to allow His two-edged sword to find its way to our hearts, for though sore wounded at first, the result is peace and life. Many there are who obstinately place before them the buckler of sophistry, of science or of learning, so called, and close their consciences against divine influence. They hug themselves with the idea that they have peace when peace is far from them. Thus they continue in total ignorance of their sins, their failings and their wants, till death calls them away from this earth.—They not only effect their own ruin but they lead others astray. How dreadful is the awakening which awaits them!

It is usually understood by the careless reader of the Bible that when the woman abruptly left off the subject about her five husbands who were not her husbands, and introduced a

totally different topic by saying :—" Our fathers worshipped in this mountain ; and ye say that, in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship," she wished to throw a screen, as it were, over an unpleasant topic, in order to divert our Lord's mind from it, and that our Lord, in pity for her confusion, allowed her to do so. Such, however, is not the case. There is intimate connection between verses 18, 19 and 20 and the verses further on. The explanation is plain and simple. The woman's eyes had been opened, her conscience had been touched, she had now a perception of her foul sins and a knowledge of her wants, she, therefore, wanted to know how she should best amend her ways, (she was still in darkness as to the Gift of God and its virtues). She wished to amend her ways, to repent and to worship God. Hence she asked Him, whose opinion, she was convinced, would be what was right and proper, whether it will suffice for her to worship God in her own country, in the temple of her forefathers on Mount Gerizim, or whether it was necessary for her to worship God in Jerusalem, where, as the Jews affirmed, the true and living God could only be worshipped. This question on her part is a proof that she had been awakened, and that it was not on account of shame that she wished to divert the conversation from a painful subject. And our Lord answers her again with words of wisdom and truth,—telling her to put away from her mind the traditions of Jews and Gentiles, to forget even the existence of the temple on Mount Gerizim and the temple in Jerusalem, and to strive only to become one of God's people. " Never mind," says our Lord, " about the places and forms of worship, be a child of God and worship Him, from any place you like, in Spirit and in Truth, for God is Spirit and He wishes to be worshipped in Spirit and in Truth".

And here it may be remarked, *en passant*, how the worship of God is performed every Sunday in our churches. Is it worshipping God in Spirit and in Truth by the hurried read-

ing of routine prayers? Is God really worshipped in Spirit and in Truth by the congregations of the numerous churches in this world? As a general rule, it can be confidently affirmed—no!—though it is unfortunately too true that many get false peace of mind by it, but such peace can be but of short duration. That worship of God, therefore, which leaves no permanent effect in the mind of the worshippers, which fails to open their eyes and touch their hearts, which leaves them in their unregenerate state ever so long, which does not prove its efficacy by the appearance in them of healthy fruit is no worship at all.

That the woman's eyes were opened and her heart led to think of holier things are apparent from her reply in verse 25. And now our Lord thinks it is time to reveal Himself to her, which he does in that simple, short and sublime sentence:—"I that speak into thee am He."—O what happiness!—what unspeakable happiness is it for a man, when the Lord, after opening his eyes and touching his heart, thus reveals Himself to him!

The storm of thoughts which was rushing through her mind, the new state of things which her "opened" eyes were seeing, the feeling of fear mixed with pleasure which was then dominant in her, the startling revelation which she had just heard,—all set her brain in a whirl, and "she left her water pot and went her way into the city." Thus it is, that when one has found the 'pearl of price,' he is regardless of every thing else, of the cares and affairs of this world, and is only busy with what is of vital importance to him. People wonder at him and call him foolish and by other harder names, for they can neither know nor understand the value of the jewel which he has found and which makes him bold to disregard every other thing except that.

She "went her way into the city, and saith to the men, come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did. Can this be the Christ?"—The woman has now received the

Living Water, and, having received it, she could not be satisfied till she had published the news of her good fortune. Her heart was full to overflowing. She felt, at the same-time, fear, joy, love, and such a sense of happiness, that, forgetting her water pot, forgetting the purpose for which she had come to the well, she hastened to the town and told every one she met, of the wonderful adventure which had befallen her. She earnestly entreated her friends, acquaintances and neighbours to accompany her to see the individual who had acquired such ascendancy over her, and who, she was sure, must be the long-expected, long-wished-for Messiah. Thus she drew not only her friends and neighbours, but the whole city to Jesus,—and she was, in a manner, the fortunate instrument in the Lord's hands for the conversion of the greater portion of the inhabitants thereof. It is a sign of regeneration,—a proof of the indwelling of the Spirit of God in a man, when he goes about communicating to every one his happiness and good fortune and earnestly entreating people to come to Him who has worked such wonders in him, so that they too may be the children of God. To proclaim to every one of the good fortune, of the supreme happiness which has befallen a man by the possession of the gift of Eternal Life, to make even a parade of his happiness, does not convict him of pride or arrogance. On the contrary, it would have been wrong, if not sinful, had he kept the fact concealed, had he selfishly denied its benefits to others. By giving freely what we have freely received we fulfill the commands of the Lord, we use the Talent which He entrusts to us, so that we may bring to His feet the profit which He expects. By acting thus a Christian proves himself the Salt of the earth and a Light in the midst of a crooked generation. (Phil. II. 15).

He who has learnt to read the scriptures aright and who has acquired a knowledge of the habits and customs of the people of this country, will readily admit that the labors of *regenerate* native christians are likely to bear more fruit

among their countrymen than the efforts of ever so many paid missionaries and other alien agents for the propagation of the Gospel. Are there many such regenerate christians amongst us? Do those of our countrymen, who call themselves the servants of Christ (we do not mean those who have been ordained and have thus taken upon themselves heavy and holy responsibilities) ever speak to their heathen friends and neighbours as the Samaritan woman spoke to her people,—earnestly and with conviction:—"come see a man which told me all things that ever I did"? Do they, like her, go about publishing their happiness and good fortune in order to induce others to join them? Have they shown such sure signs of regeneration? Or do they busy themselves with their own affairs,—with literature, politics and science? Do they selfishly look after themselves only, "marrying and giving in marriage," casting no thought, turning no sympathising eye on those of their own people who are thirsty but who have not found the Water of Life? Let our brethern reply to these queries themselves.

We have heard native preachers in our street corners and public chapels preach the Gospel to crowds of our countrymen and we have been invariably disappointed with what we heard. What they preached was only a tirade upon Hinduism, they reviled the Shastras and called the gods of the people foul names. Naturally their hearers went away unimpressed. They said among themselves that the preachers have "eaten the salt" of the missionaries and that it was their bounden duty, therefore, to advocate the religion of their employers and to cry down the *Sanatana Hindu dharma*. Far more effective would be their preaching if they understood how Christ preached to Nicodemus and to the woman of Samaria.—It is labor lost to attempt proving at the commencement that Hinduism is false or that Christianity is true. This the Holy Spirit alone can do in the heart of man *after* that heart has been drawn to the Son by the Father. For more effective would be their

preaching if they only set before their hearers Christ in His humility, in His love, in His longing to relieve suffering humanity, in His readiness to give the Water of Life freely. Far more effective would be their preaching if they explained what Christianity really is, as a fair and clever contributor, in the May number of this Magazine, has so well and neatly done. Let us quote the passage and conclude :—" Christianity' is not a religion to impose upon men strong rules and maxims without giving them the needful power. In fact it is not a religion at all in the sense in which people regard religions in general, being merely 'a *form* of godliness devoid of the power, but it brings us under, and makes us acquainted with a divine person, the Man Christ Jesus. He being perfect God and perfect man can enter into the deepest recesses of our hearts, probe and feel our utmost needs, and from the inexhaustible supply of strength and power, love and mercy which as God He possesses, is able to strengthen us to do His will and to meet and supply all our needs. Christianity does not say—' do this and do that, and then you might go to heaven, or repent for your sins and ask forgiveness, God is merciful He must forgive you,' but it starts with the invitation :—' Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

O. C. D.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE,

XIV.—SEA-BATHING AND ITS EFFECTS ILLUSTRATED.

" Well Ram Chand, will you make one of our party next week ? We shall all be so glad to get you with us."

" To what party do you allude, Keenoo ? and who make up the emphatic *we* ?"

" Is it possible that Gopee has not broached the matter to you yet ? Why, on Monday next a large party, consisting of Gopee and his brother, myself, and several others our common

friends, propose to set off for Saugor, to bathe in the sea on the occasion of the *Barooni* festival. In the first place, the bathing cleanses us of course of all past crimes and misdemeanors, and, in the next, the journey to the sea-side, with hundreds and thousands of other passengers, is always very suggestive."

"I certainly have no objection to join the party," replied Rām Chând; "but I have changed my course of life you know, and you must not try to corrupt my morals again."

"Nor should you attempt to pass off your old dry jokes on me. We understand each other very well without them, and there is no need of wasting words between us."

They made up a party of some twelve or thirteen persons and set off for Sagour. On their way thither they first entered a religious house at Nizâmpore, to receive absolution from the priests, and then proceeded on *via* Goonâbâsâon to Puddumpore ghât, where they bathed. They were all of them very fastidious devotees though boon companions in other respects, and the sacred ablutions were performed with all the ceremonies enjoined by the Shâstras.

"It is well," remarked one of the party gaily, "to get cleansed thus, say once in five years."

"Aye, just to lighten ourselves effectually for a fresh start," replied another.

Chatting in this manner they came to a place called Chota Hooghly, where they took their *julpan*, and then rested for a time by the side of a tank adjoining a temple of Mahadeva.

"Well, what are we to do now? Part here, each for his own home?" asked Ram Chand.

"It would be very silly to do that," said Keenoo Patur. "Women go after bathing to their household work, but men don't."

"I suppose we can trust each other fully?" asked Gopee Janna, and then, without waiting for a reply, added, "for my part I would suggest a dacoity before we broke up, which would put some money in our hands."

The proposal was generally accepted, after which the party went to a place named Koonamally to get a brand of lighted grass, and proceeded thence to Jamrah, on the Midnapore frontier, where they attacked the house of one Kessub Patur, at about 9 P.M. The outer wall of the house was scaled by some of the dacoits, who then opened the gate to let in the rest, after which the door of the inner *mehal* was battered down with a *dhenkee*.

Kessub Patur and his family were not idle while the house was being thus forcibly entered. To resist the dacoits was of course out of the question, for there were not able-bodied men enough in the house to do so. Kessub therefore contented himself by removing his womankind and all his valuables to the upper story of the house, after which he took up into it the ladder by which alone it could be ascended. He at the same time sent off a boy to the village to give the alarm, and in a short time had the satisfaction to see a large party of villagers approaching his house to assist him.

"This fellow is a regular *budmash*," remarked the discomfited Gopee Janna, "and it is evident that we have nothing to expect here beyond such petty plunder as we have secured."

"No, and we increase our danger by staying behind longer," said Keenoo Patur. "Let us be off at once; there is no time to lose."

"Not at any rate before doing such mischief as we can to avenge our disappointment," returned the vindictive Gopee. "Set fire to the house, and then decamp—each with the booty he has taken."

The house was fired at four different places, and, being partly made of mat walls and thatched with straw, was considerably burnt, while several of the inmates, including Kessub Patur himself, were much scorched; and, in the confusion that took place, the dacoits went off, carrying away three *kansses*, one *lotah*, a brass fish representing the *matsya avatar*, and a mat.

"Shall we inform the Police of what has occurred?" asked one of Kessub's neighbours, who had rendered great assistance to him in putting out the fire.

"No," said Kessub, "the dacoity is bad enough. It would aggravate the evils of the affliction to have a police inquiry in the bargain."

This impression is very common in Bengal, and well grounded also. Crime is constantly concealed because the losses entailed by police investigations are great. There is first, expenditure of money in hard cash, for every police officer who can connect himself with the inquiry expects a bribe; and, over and above that, there are annoyances of the most irritating kind to a people who consider their honour to be outraged if the sanctity of the Zenana is not respected. Kessub Patur did not inform the Police, and when the Police getting an inkling of the affair, came of themselves to inquire, he bluntly denied that there had been any dacoity in his house, stating that it took fire by accident, which caused him some loss of property.

"Was that all?"

"All, on my honour, Darogah Sahab."

The dacoits came thus to proceed homewards unpursued, but, being overtaken by a storm a short while after, were obliged to take shelter in the house of a washerman. It was very late when they came out of this refuge, and they were at once challenged by a paik and a chowkydar when passing through their beat.

"These challenges are very inconvenient to us," muttered Gopee Janna between his teeth, and rushing upon the chowkydar, he wrenched his spear from his hand, and passed it right through his stomach. He had expected that Keenoo would deal similarly with the paik, but this Keenoo did not, and so they were obliged to disperse leaving one witness against them.

The chowkeydar dying of his wounds a strict police inquiry was instituted, which led to the arrest of Gopee Janna, Keenoo Patur, and six other persons. The articles removed from Kessub Patur's house were now found on the spot where the murderous assault on the chowkeydar was made, and Kessub was necessarily called upon to explain the circumstance. This compelled him to admit the dacoity in his house which he had previously denied, upon which the prisoners were tried for both the crimes with which they stood charged. The evidence against them was conclusive, namely, that of the house owner, in the case of the dacoity and that of the paik in the case of the murderous assault, both being further confirmed by the testimony of approvers and the confession of Gopee Janna himself. The approvers indicated the spot where the spear with which the chowkeydar was assaulted was buried, but when there was a difficulty in finding it Gopee Janna came forward personally with a smile and drew it out of the place where he had secreted it. As leaders of the gang Gopee Janna and Keenoo Patur were sentenced to transportation for life with imprisonment, and the other six prisoners to 14 years' imprisonment in banishment, with labour in irons.

PILGRIMAGE TO SEETAKUND.

(Continued from page 475.)

Girt round by steep walls of strong masonry and an inner parapet of iron-railing equally strong, the spring at Seetakund sends up continually bubbles of hot water, which rising from the countless fissures of the rocky floor, curl up their way to the surface. Water so pure, so lovely, and at the same time so playful, I never saw in my life. It is perfectly colourless, though it appears of a blue tint like that of mid heaven, when

no speck of cloud, leaden or white, spoils the purity of an antumual noon. We sat on the margin, and steadfastly gazed upon the rocky floor pierced at innumerable points through which a copious supply of wholesome water was gushing out. Of this water the greater portion oozes out from the south west corner, where the spring is deepest, the floor more crumpled up, and the bubbles larger. The water, as it gushes out, is received in an artificial reservoir built of brick and stone, in an oblong form, not unlike those in which indigo planters collect the leaves and stems of the plant, ere the dye is extracted. The bricks and stones, especially those lying under water, have been so completely cemented, and so much hardened by the superincumbent element, that it is not easy to guess, at this distance of time, when the basin was first constructed. The oblong is about 20 feet long and 12 broad, the longer sides are from north to south, and the only visible outlet is at the middle of the eastern side, where the surplus water finds an egress, and flows through a subterraneous aqueduct which empties itself upon the plain, stretching far and wide from the buttress of the eastern walls.

It is necessary to mention here that the spring itself lies a few feet below the level of the surrounding plain; hence an observer upon the outer masonry has to descend a short flight of steps to come to its margin. To us it appeared as a small artificial pool in which numberless shoals of tiny live fish, were playing about briskly, and sending up, from time to time, bubbles of blue water. To a few of our companions, however, it appeared somewhat like a dirty pool close to a farm house where heaps of half decomposed straw, dead leaves, sweepings of the court, ashes, and tons of urine and other nitrogenous matter, are allowed to accumulate in pestilential heaps, and send up thick, dirty, semi-fluid, bubbles that corrupt the heavy atmosphere with a stench strong, suffocating, and repulsive.

On coming to the close margin, this illusion vanishes. The

water is so transparent that even the bottom of the reservoir can be distinctly seen, and the images of objects might have been seen reflected in it, but for the constant bubbles that keep the water in a state of eternal turmoil. It is free from the slightest trace of animal or vegetable impurity. Mineral substances such as iron, sulphur and calcium, may be held in solution, but their existence must be in small quantities, as it does not affect the taste, nor can be detected by the simple process of smelling. The rim is no where marked with incrustations of any kind, as those of the sulphates or carbonates, of the alkalies or the alkaline earths—substances almost invariably present in the water of mineral springs. In fact it is the softest and lightest water procurable, and careful experiments with hydrometer have proved conclusively that it retained almost always a uniform specific gravity, and owing to its lightness it is exclusively used for the preparation of soda water.

The average depth of the water is 12 feet, and it is deepest as has been already noticed, at the south west corner. It is, so hot that it cannot be held on the palm for more than a few seconds; many fatal accidents had occurred to unfortunate visitors, before the construction of the iron railing.

Close to the north of the Seetakund, there is a temple, built purely in the primitive style of Hindu architecture, and dedicated to the worship of a Hindu divinity. Still further north on the opposite side of the temple, lies the Ramkund—a reservoir of a peculiar shape evidently of no distant date. The occasional loosening or detachment of plaster here and there has exposed the brick work in so many places, that their silent evidence completely baffles the clamorous testimony of the votaries in support of its antiquity. The water of this pool is cold, and found to be coated with a thick, dirty, scum of aquatic rubbish. It had never been known to fame but for its close proximity to Seetakund; and here at least the illustrious warrior of ancient Ayojhya, the wise dispenser of

fame to many in the demoniac warfare of Lanka, has been himself famous, by the fame of his wife.

Besides this, there are three other pools, (for self-interested human ingenuity never leaves anything imperfect) in honor of the three children of Dasarath the old king of Ayodhya; they are called the Luksmankund, the Bharutkund, and the Satrugnaakund, all to the west of the Seetakund, built in the same fashion, and about the same time, with the Ramakund; but here we must pause and hasten to the holy ceremonies, for Kassinath seated there at the corner of the Seetakund is growing more and more peevish, and imbibing every moment the spirit of the spring, fuming and fretting at his feet,

When we had finished seeing every creek and corner of the place, he came up to us to enquire if we wished to perform the Sradh and Tarpan ceremonies resorted to by the orthodox Hindus, to propitiate the spirits of the departed. A few of us agreed, and Kassinath went away and returned with Durva, (the holy grass) grains, (paddy dried in the sun and husked, but not boiled) flowers, red and white, bunches of ripe and succulent plantain, a few leaves of Tulsi (sanctum oecumum) a piece of sandal wood, sheaths of plantain leaves, a quantity of black mustard and a few boat-shaped copper vessels. These he fetched with the speed and agility of an ibex, and himself conducted the ceremonies with all the adroitness and precision of one adept in the profession. He began by chanting a long invocation, which was originally in Sanskrit, but of which original highly elaborate language, nothing remained, except the sonorous suffixes or long jingling terminations, of a word or syllable, which still continued to stick to the radicals, like faithful servants to old masters, forsaken by all whom the dazzle of prosperity had allured.

The curious reader may ask, as we did the guide, why the spring is christened after the modest maiden Seeta when there are so many gods and goddesses to patronize it. This

we must answer, in the words of Kassinath himself, as we derived our information from him; as for its authenticity, we are sure the reader would not require any proof when he is told, that it is given solely on the authority, of so great a devotee. However, as it was originally given in Hindee, the colloquial dialect of the place, we beg to offer the following translation for the right understanding of our readers, retaining as much as possible, the gist and spirit of the original.

In the silver age, when Rama the incarnation of the Deity, but better known in the nether world as the son of Dassarith, directed his steps to Ayodhya after recovering Seeta from the hands of Ravan, he hesitated to take her into his favor without putting her purity to a test. Accordingly everything was arranged, and Seeta was to prove her innocence by the ordeal of fire. Hanuman, the great monkey geueal, the worthy servant of a worthy master, despatched his brute soldiers in every direction, and they ran to Ango, Bango, Callingo, Maghad, Maharashtra, Guryor, Pauchal, Gandhur, Sindhu, Dravir, Karnat, Utkul, and all the great countries of the world. Messengers were also sent to heaven as well as to the regions of the monarch. In a couple of hours the news of the ordeal reached everywhere, and representatives from them came to this spot, like locusts darkening the air. Down came the great monkeys with piles of red sandal on their head, and some with mountains on their back, failing to distinguish the plant required. Flowers of heaven and earth, clarified butter, and heaps of aromatic gums were brought, and in the presence of this august assembly of mortals and immortals, the great ceremony began. Sacred faggots now were piled up in the form of a circle and the lovely Seeta bowing gracefully to her lord and all present, moved to the centre. The wood was kindled, torrents of clarified butter flowed, and the lurid flames completely wrapping up the living and the dead, sought the sky. There was for a time an awful suspense, gods and men, birds, beasts and reptiles, rivetted their eyes upon the pile before, and looked like pictures painted on a canvas.

It was a touching scene, Agni the great god^o of purity descended from the vault of stars, and took in his arms with filial affection, the pattern of female chastity. The Creator poured upon the flames the water of purification, and Seeta rose in all her loveliness before the dumb assembly, not a hair scorched by the destructive flames. The water of the *kund* cooled for a time then, but ever since it has been boiling surrounded by yonder masonry work, which you still see before you." The effect of this might be easily imagined, a few of the pilgrims were struck mute in awe, and some actually stretched their eyes forward to see if possible some relics of antiquity.

(To be continued)

THE BENGALI MONTHLIES.

THE *Bangadarsana* for the month of *Ashurh* contains a biographical notice of Rijah Nanda Kumar Roy, the Nuncoomar of English writers, compiled chiefly from the *Seir Mutakherin* and Orme's *Indostan*. But there are a few things in it which are not to be found either in the *Muhummadan* or in the English historian. These we notice here. Nanda Kumar was a *broken* Kulin of the Raihi class and of the Bharadwaj tribe. He was born early in the 18th century, probably at Kunjaghata near Murshidabad, at any rate he used to live in that village. He was a staunch Vaishnava, as he ascended the gallows, he went on telling his beads, and the moment the drop was removed his fingers were observed moving about the beadioll. The writer attempts to whitewash his character and calls him a good and great man.

The *Bangadarsana* for the month of *Shravana* has a well-written article on the pseudo Protap Chand who created forty-five years ago so great a sensation in Bengal. The writer is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and not only compiles his narrative from the proceedings of the trial in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, but gives interesting details of the Raj family of Burdwan not generally known. The first instalment of the story is before us, we trust the second part will be written in as attractive a manner as the first.

Amongst other papers the last number of the *Kalpadrum* contains an interesting paper on the Khonds and their country.

The *Prabaha* is as clever and facetious as ever. The last number contains a short poem in which Sir Garnet Wolseley utters words of encouragement to his soldiers employed in defending the Suez Canal.

The *Adarini* continues the story of Bijaya Saha.



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BENGAL MAGAZINE.

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A COCKNEY'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SEA.

(Leaves from my Journal.)

"There goes the steam-whistle on board the tight little 'Celerity'!" "Hanko! coachman, Hanko!"—The coachman flourishes his whip, the spirited horses plunge forward and the carriage dashes into the compound of the Kidderpore Dock-yard. The doctor and I get down in a hurry and are, the next moment, safely on board.

We have been lucky enough to secure a couple of berths in the Government Despatch Boat, which has been commissioned to carry coals to False Point and provisions to the Light Ships stationed at Saugor. So here we were, with a dozen other European gentlemen, all holiday-wallahs, like ourselves, determined to make the most of the eight or ten days during which we had respite from our respective works.

The brig 'Deva,' laden with coal, was to be in tow of the 'Celerity'. On board the former, also, were a number of

ladies and gentlemen, all eager to have a sniff of the reviving sea breeze. From the decks of the two vessels a smart fire of jokes and repartees was kept up while we were preparing to get under weigh.

At 8 A. M., we started down the stream. I kept my eyes "skinned," as the Yankees say, for I was determined not to miss any sight or object worth seeing. The scenery on both banks of the river is splendid. The abundance of foliage and verdure charmed the eye. If the landscape had been varied somewhat by uplands, undulations and hillocks, it would have been perfect. The mouth of the Roopnarain river was pointed out to me. It is very broad and is like an arm of the sea. We had a smart shower of rain during the day, which cooled the heated atmosphere considerably. We passed Diamond Harbour, Kedgree, Bellary and other stations. The commander of a Government surveying brig, who was on board for a short time, pointed out these places to me, and beguiled the time with many interesting anecdotes. I listened with wonder to his narrative of the Great Cyclone of 1864. He was then commander of the 'Megna,' was caught in the tremendous storm-wave which came up the Hooghly and narrowly escaped a watery grave.

The river continued widening and widening as we proceeded down, and off Calpee it was so broad, that I thought we had come out to sea, which at last we did, after dinner, at 7½ P. M.

And now commenced my agony! Dinner over, I was seated comfortably, with my legs cocked up, gazing out on the wide expanse of water, when I felt the vessel begin to roll. My giddiness was simultaneous and there was a curious sensation within me. I suppose my face must have betrayed what I was suffering, for four or five gentlemen, who were sitting near me, backed their chairs, and, laughing, cried out: "By Jove! look out,—you are going to be sea-sick in right earnest!"—"Now, be brave, and you will shake it off!"—"Send for a glass of brandy and water!"—"keep your eyes shut for a

time!"—These and the like recommendations were given in a kindly spirit, but the state I was in rendered me quite helpless. In the next minute I had jumped up from my chair, and—was sick as a dog. Somebody kindly supported my head, and, after the first paroxysm, led me to a rattan couch, which was near and laid me down upon it. I was too unwell at the time to recognize who he was that acted so like the good Samaritan, but was not the less thankful for his opportune and kindly assistance. I passed a most miserable night and sincerely regretted ever having come out to sea.

2nd October. Sunday. The sun rose from his ocean bed, but I remained prostrate. At every roll of the vessel I felt my sickness increase. I never had any idea before, that sea-sickness was such excruciating agony. Not a single mouthful of food passed my lips for twentyfour hours, and with the exception of a few bits of ice I had nothing in the shape of sustenance. My friend, the doctor, was also sea-sick, but, somehow or other, he got over it after a few hours, and, to my intense envy, I saw him lying down on a stretcher in front of me, composing an ode to the ocean in Bengali! His coolness was absolutely aggravating.

We anchored near the Light Ships at night. I watched and watched the flaring lanterns swinging from their masts, for I had very little sleep, and sincerely wished myself back again in Calcutta.

3d October. Monday. The anchor, had been weighed at early dawn, and by 8½ A. M., we entered the spacious and beautiful harbour of False Point. My sea-sickness, now that we were in smooth water, ceased as if by magic. I got up, bathed and had an ample breakfast. I wondered that I did not feel at all the effects of my late *malaise* and the fast of more than twenty-four hours which I had undergone. I was as lively and fresh as ever. The harbour of False Point is admirably adapted as a haven for, weather-distressed ships, and is, from its position near the *embouchure* of a large river,

the Mahanuddy, which passes through a magnificent rice-growing country, calculated to become one day the resort of thousands of merchant and trading vessels. We saw several from different ports,—London, Liverpool, Melbourne,—at anchor here,—also a number of *pariahs*. These are mostly brigs and condemned vessels, purchased by rich native traders, and manned and commanded by Ooryahs and natives of Madras and Cochin. They are very slovenly in appearance, with scraggy sides, broken bulwarks, and rigging and ropes dangling in wild confusion all around. But they, nevertheless, fully answered the purpose for which they were used, and carried on a profitable coasting trade. I watched these ships through an excellent spy glass and saw their commanders pompously walking on the quarter-decks of their respective vessels, completely naked, with the exception of a *lungotee* round their loins, their back-hair tied in a knot and their ebony skin glistening with palm oil. They are undoubtedly more enterprising than the natives of Bengal, for not one of the latter has, as yet, had the courage to command a sea-going vessel, though he is superior to his Ooryah or Madrased brother in talent and education.

After breakfast the passengers formed a party to visit the Light House, distant about four or five miles from the spot where our vessel rode at anchor. Some of the gentlemen took their guns with them, promising to regale us with game of diverse kind at supper. The Doctor went with this party, but I thought it better to remain on board, as the sun was very hot and as I did not like the prospect of a long pull in the open boat after having been so unwell lately. Besides, I felt still a little squeamish and was afraid to over exert myself. The party of pleasure returned late in the evening, fagged and quite knocked up, with foul guns, but no game!

October, 4th.—Tuesday.—As we had to remain a day or two in False Point harbour, some of us proposed a trip up the Mahanuddy, as far as the new lock gates, in a little paddle

steamer, which was placed at our service by its courteous commander. We would have to remain away a whole day and night and would be back on the 5th.

Early in the morning, having gulped down a couple of cups of hot coffee, each, we went on board the trim and neat little paddle steamer,—a marvellously clean and elegant craft. It took us half an hour to cross the harbour. The scenery on both banks of the river is wild and picturesque in the extreme. For miles, on both sides, we saw nothing but dense jungle and under-growth coming down to the very water's edge.—The river is very narrow, about 50 to 60 feet in width, and I was assured by captain P. that he had shot deer from the steamer several times last year. Our fellow passengers seemed to care nothing for the scenery around. They were all seated under the awning on deck, each occupied with a novel.—I was not at all inclined to imitate them, however. I was determined to use my eyes diligently.

As we cleared bend after bend of the gradually widening river, the successive panoramas of luxuriant vegetation, dense jungle and green prairies which met my view, appeared to me like the shifting scenes of a theatre. Flights of beef-steak birds, ducks, geese, cranes and plovers, as also teals and snipes showed me that the place abounded with game. I had the good fortune to see a herd of wild buffalos, consisting of about 40 heads, go crashing through the jungles. It was a magnificent sight. Our Captain was a keen sportsman and he told me that many a tiger, buffalo, deer and alligator had gone down before his rifle in these regions. He further informed me that he has rifle-pits in several places here. He gave me a sketch of his adventurous life,—how, when a boy of fourteen; he had embarked on board a yankee schooner, in the capacity of a common seaman, how the mate of the vessel used to ill-treat him brutally, how one day having received a blow from him, he whipped out his knife and planted it on his tormentor's breast, and how, with difficulty, he afterwards managed to

leave the ship, how, at last, after many vicissitudes, he came to be the commander of a river steamer belonging to the Indian Government. All this he told me and many more interesting anecdotes, which made the hours slip by pleasantly.

We saw an incredible number of alligators floating like logs of charred wood. They went down with sudden splashes on the approach of the steamer. The Captain had a shot at one with his single breach-loading rifle by Adams. I saw the monster fairly hit. It turned over immediately and was carried down the stream.

Soon the jungles on the banks of the river disappeared and strips of cultivated land were seen, with here and there straggling Ooryah villages. I have never seen a more ugly set of people than the inhabitants of these villages; men, women and children had not a single line of comeliness in their features, and the state of filth and squalor in which they lived filled me with horror and disgust.

We arrived at the lock gates at 3 P.M. The anchor was let go, the steam allowed to escape and we went on shore. We walked along the Irrigation Canal, an important work of public utility and for which the people are extremely thankful to the Government. It goes direct to Cuttack, which was only thirty-six miles, or twenty hours' journey from the spot where we stood. We strolled up to the Dawk Bungalow and talked with the Eurasian gentleman who had his quarters there. His business was to collect tolls and taxes in connection with the new canal. He told us that enormous quantities of rice are now conveyed in native crafts down to False Point harbour. This commodity, before the opening of the canal, was, no doubt, lost for purposes of traffic, to the grief and embarrassment of the native farmers and traders.

There were three or four snug cabins in our little steamer, but I was afraid to sleep in any one of them, as I found they were infested with large-sized cockroaches. I have used the word 'afraid' in its true and literal sense, for I would rather

stand the fire of a platoon or face the charge of a wounded tiger than the approach of one horrid cockroach ! The passengers were much amused at my dilemma. I resolutely declined sleeping in the cabin. I said I would rather pass the night on a chair on deck than enter the cabin after dusk even for a single minute. I wanted to sleep on the dining table on deck, and, for this purpose, spoke to the captain, but he told me that the table had already been bespoken by a couple of our European passengers. I instantly went to these gentlemen, laid my case before them and told them of the predicament I was in. They good-humourously gave up their right to the table in my favor, to my infinite relief. The Doctor and I slept pretty comfortably on the top of it, the only cause of discomfort being the night air, which was extremely damp and moist, quite unlike the dry and bracing sea breeze ; but we covered up ourselves from head to foot in our thick cotton-lined counterpanes and slept the sleep of the just. Before going off to the land of dreams, I returned the ' good night ' of several gentlemen who wished me the same before retiring to their berths.—" Mr. D, look ! there is a cockroach just under your pillow," said one. " No, no, it is creeping up your counterpane," said another. " Take care of your toes, Mr. D, cockroaches are great fanciers of that part of the human body," said a third,—and they went away laughing to bed. They were very good and pleasant gentlemen,—our fellow-passengers,—and I never had any occasion to complain of them.

October 5th, Wednesday.—We left our anchorage early in the morning and returned by the same way we had come up. We saw the same scenery, the same abundance of game and of alligators and the same extent of virgin forest on both sides of the river—At 11. we came out into False Point harbour, and at 11½ A. M. stepped on board the ' Celerity.' We did not bathe while in the river, as the water was brackish. Now, on board the ' Celerity ' I had a splendid salt water bath at 1½ P. M. We

shall leave False Point early tomorrow morning' and shape our course homeward *via* Balasore.

After lunch I amused myself by watching one of our passengers angling with a line and hooks from the side of the vessel. 'Offals of fowls were his baits. In the course of an hour he had hauled on board a couple of splendid mullets, measuring a foot and a half each. These were served up at dinner and found delicious. We had also fresh venison, a present from the commander of the 'Deva,' who had returned from a successful hunt in the jungles with others of his party. They brought with them a couple of deer and a heap of jungle fowl. Last evening they came upon the fresh tracks of a tiger, but, on account of the lateness of the hour, they could not go after the animal, which they would certainly have done, though on foot, had there been but a couple of hour's daylight,—for there were bold hearts among them.

In the afternoon I proposed that we should land on the beach or bar, or whatever it is, distant about a mile, in order to gather shells. I spoke to our captain and he kindly gave us his launch, muttering to himself:—"there is no stopping these youngsters, they *must* have their fling out."—As we shoyed off from the vessel, he hailed to captain B., who was at the tiller:—"Now B. keep your weather eye open and bring back my passengers safe and sound." "Gentlemen," he said, turning to us, "I hope we shall not have to wait for you at dinner."

We were seven of us in the launch. Captain B. steered in a masterly manner, and though the rollers came on high and quick, we did not feel a single shock. The boat glided on like a thing of life, now mounting high on the top of a wave, now going down, down, as if to rise no more. At last we reached the sandy beach, and leapt down from the boat like so many school boys let loose. The sight we saw here was grand and sublime, beyond my faintest conception. I stood on the white glistening sand, and gazed out upon the open sea.

"Without a mark, without a bound" it stretched out before my eyes. I could see several vessels in the distance on their way to False Point. They had sails set alow and aloft, and looked like white sea birds on the surface of the blue waters.

And O the magnificent surf! How the waves came foaming and roaring and tumbling towards us, rearing their crests aloft! At first I thought I would be overwhelmed and carried off my feet, and I must say I felt nervous; but I was deceived. The waves broke at my feet with a roar and a *swish*, but, besides being drenched with the spray, I suffered no other *degat*. On looking down, after the waves had receded, I found they had left a treasure at my feet, consisting of "many-colored shells" and other similar trophies from the unknown depths of the sea. I lost no time in filling my pockets with these, till, in a short time, they were full to bursting. We saw some Telegu fishermen on the beach. They were engaged in catching small sharks and rays. We saw several of these and also fish of different kinds, whose names we did not know. These men spoke in a jargon which none of us could make out. Four of our party had a splendid bath. We watched them battling with the surf. They shouted out to us to join them, but the doctor and myself did not like to bathe in the evening, more especially as we had a bath two hours ago. The fear of ground sharks likewise restrained us. Thus running and leaping, with bare feet, our trowsers tucked up above our knees, our shirt sleeves rolled up, and with bandanas round our heads, we continued gathering shells and sea heather till it became dark. We then got into our cockle-shell of a boat, and, with the main sheet and jib up, we flew towards the 'Celerity.' But the sea was rough and the wind contrary. It was only after tacking several times that we reached the vessel, caught hold of the side ropes and swung ourselves on board. After dressing, we sat down to dinner, and I remember doing more than justice to the good cheer before me,—fresh-fish, venison, &c., &c., for my

exercise and the bracing sea breeze had given me a splendid appetite. The moon rose an hour after, and, with cigars between our lips, we sat on deck till eleven o'clock at night, conversing pleasantly on all subjects, "from Mahomet to Moses," till the Captain reminded us it was very late, and that we had better adjourn to bed.

October 6th, Thursday.—Before 5 A. M., with the brig 'Deva' in tow, we had left False Point Harbour and were steaming out into the open sea. Knowing that I shall probably be sea-sick again, I had an early bath and a slight breakfast, then, having arranged my bed on the after sky-light, I calmly awaited the approach of my enemy. The day was beautifully clear and fine and the sea of a deep emerald green. I have never seen such beautiful pea-green color as the waves assumed today. They danced and laughed in the glad sunshine

Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.

The sea was somewhat rough, but I did not feel squeamish yet on account of the fresh sea breeze and the high spirits I was then in. We sighted Balasore at 12, at noon, and anchored in the Roads, abreast the Balungurry or Balasore River. We had no intention of landing as the shore was full four miles away. We contented ourselves with surveying the coast through our spy-glasses. I could distinctly see the white sand-cliffs along the shore, groups of palm trees, the entrance to the Balasore River and two beautiful bungalows (one celebrated and known as 'the bungalow at Beercool'). The purple outlines of the Neelgheery hills were seen in the background. In short it was as pretty a scene as ever one could desire to look upon. In the Roads of Balasore I saw flying fishes quite near our vessel and a flock of curlews screaming and fluttering on the surface of the water.

The Roads of Balasore are, at all seasons of the year, very rough. It is not land-locked like the harbour of False Point, and hence the waves come rolling and tumbling into it to the great discomfort of weak-stomached passengers like myself.

And, in fact, my troubles recommenced. While the anchor was being let go, and while I was humming to myself Mr. Parker's smooth lines :

We have let the anchor go,
 It has sunk twelve fathoms deep,
 Where the green sea-weeds do grow,
 And the crimson sea-shells sleep ;
 And while swaying to the tide,
 We can hear the breakers roar,
 With a sad and sullen sound
 In the Roads of Balasore.

the vessel began to rock and pitch in such a way that I was down again. But this time I was not so bad as before. From my perch on the top of the after-cabin sky-light, where I had my bed, I could see the passengers amusing themselves at some game resembling quoits, and in shooting with rifles at a barrel which had been heaved overboard. I did not observe a single good hit. Remained sick the whole day and night. The Doctor was not absolutely prostrated but was decidedly yellow about the gills, and I watched his uneasiness with grim satisfaction.

October 7th, Friday.—As usual, our anchor was up before daylight, and we were rapidly steaming up the Bay. The vessel continued rolling, pitching and tossing in a head sea, and I remained in bed sick, though enjoying with half-shut eyes the beauty of the scene and taking note of everything passing around me. We stopped twice in the upper and lower Gasper channels to deliver provisions to the light ships stationed there. What a monotonous and weary existence these light ships people must lead ! Saw a number of vessels on the highway of the broad ocean, some near and some far off, but all with sails set and looking beautiful and fairy-like in the mellow sunlight. By evening we were off Saugor, and dropped anchor at a spot, from where we had a splendid view of the light house with its magnificent revolving light, constructed

on the newest principle. Lying on my back on the top of the sky-light, I continued gazing on the splendid beacon till 12 at night, and then fell asleep.

October 8th, Saturday. Entered the broad mouth of the Hooghly before 6 A. M. No more thundering rollers, no more tossing, no sickness, no further necessity for the inglorious recumbent posture. I sprang from my bed, and "Richard was himself again"! As I have remarked before, one peculiarity in sea-sickness is, that there are no bad after-effects,—either weakness, lassitude or giddiness. I bathed early, while we were still in salt water and had a delightful breakfast. For the first time in my life I tasted fresh Bomli fish and salt-water shrimps. I never had such a fine breakfast. The taste of the Bomli and shrimps I shall never forget! As we expected to reach Calcutta in the afternoon, I began the packing up of my trunks and bedding, as also those of the Doctor, he being quite useless and good-for-nothing in this particular department. At 2½ P. M. we had an early dinner and at 3., the forest of masts of the shipping off Calcutta came in sight. At 3½ the anchor was let go, and the vessel brought up opposite the Kidderpore Dockyard. The Master Attendant came on board on official business and every one hurried about to go on shore. The Doctor and myself bade a friendly adieu to all our fellow passengers and took leave of our captain and chief officer, and having jumped into a pansway, which was alongside, were quickly put on terra firma. A ticca gharry was procured and we drove away from the ghat, casting behind us a last look on the trim, little 'Celerity', which had become so endeared to us.

At 4 P. M. I reached home, after having enjoyed a most pleasant and agreeable trip. Found every one at home doing well and thanked the Lord for His mercy.

O. C. D.

REPORT OF A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT AT ALUMNUGGER.

After twenty memorials from the Landholders' Association, the Pleaders' Union and the United People's Club, ten deputations from these bodies and five conferences, the 'boon' of local self-government was bestowed on the loyal and grateful inhabitants of the ancient town of Alumnugger. A president was selected, members of the Board were elected and the day and the hour fixed for the descendants of the 'glorious Aryan ancestors,' to assert their ancient and time-honoured right to govern themselves. To say, the people were in a fever of excitement to witness a scene 'the most memorable in the annals of their country,' would be confounding a hundred surgeon power delirium with a fit of ague only one apothecary power strong. The great fire of London or the bombardment of Alexandria would be nothing to it. It was a regular conflagration of the feelings, and if the human mind could be deemed susceptible of combustion, a suit of swinging damages would lie against Government for the most unscrupulous act of arson and incendiarism. Garibaldi shirts, Mazzini shoes, Thermopylae handkerchiefs and Bonnivard chains, were parading the streets by hundreds, and as for flags with Equality and Liberty inscribed, there was no counting them. How many times and by how many voices the Marquis of Ripon was commended to the special protection of the Divine Being it would be impossible to number, and the angel in charge of the celestial portfolio must have left his desk with terribly aching fingers. After all these patriotic and in some cases frantic demonstrations the Local Board sat. Present Antmaram Bancharam, Chintaram, Ghasiram, Hureekristo, Frankristo, Dhinikristo Rai Bahadoors and others. The president, as became him, took the chair or rather the chair took him,—for after a good deal of cozening and coaxing the chair was brought round to accommodate itself to the physical amplitude of

the president, and the Secretary as in duty found begged to lay before the Board the business of the day

The secretary accordingly read the humble petition of the inhabitants of Dapunia, Moinamari, which most respectfully shewed that, living in villages which communicated with one another by means of canals, they thought it a great hardship to be obliged to pay the road cess, a tax evidently levied for the projection and maintenance of roads, and they therefore begged to be exempted from the cess, which in their case was a misnomer, and that as in duty bound they should ever pray.

Rai Antmaram Bahadoor got up and said, the objection raised by the people of Dapunia was quite just, inasmuch as people never using a road, should never be asked to pay for roads, and that things ought to be called by their proper names, and that as a canal could never be properly called a road, he was for exempting the petitioners from paying the Road cess. Rai Bancharam rose up to say, he regretted he could not agree with the honourable member on the right, that there was nothing in a name and that a rose would smell as sweet if it were called by any other name, that if the honourable member's principle were carried into detail there would be lane taxes, street taxes and alley taxes, and that he knew no difference between a canal and a road except that the former was a liquid way of going and the latter a solid one. Rai Horakristo being called upon to give his opinion said, he could not agree with either of the previous speakers, that he could not advocate the abolition of the cess, on the ground that it would result in the abolition of all the roads in the jurisdiction of the Board, for people now using roads, to get themselves exempted from the cess like the petitioners, might convert all their roads into canals, which would not at all be a satisfactory state of things, inasmuch as cases of death by drowning might increase, and that on the other hand he could not lay his head on his pillow without uttering an emphatic

protest against the geographical enormity of confounding land and water, as had been done by his honourable friend Rai Bancharam, and that, under the circumstance, he found no other way of getting out of the difficulty, than by voting 10,000 Rs to the petitioners for converting their canals to roads to justify them to pay the Road cess. This motion was unanimously approved and it was resolved that a sum of 10,000 Rs be made over to the petitioners to fill up their canals, that they might with a clear conscience pay Rs. 500 as Road cess.

The Road cess question being thus satisfactorily disposed of the question of vaccination was brought on the table. It was asked how far it was consistent with the traditions of the Aryans to subject innocent infants to the tortures of the lancet, with the object of saving them from a comparatively small infliction. For if the disease were so great an evil, why should it be called *small* pox after all? Antmaram Bahadoor said, he would only take an Aryan view of the question, and he thought as an Aryan he was quite justified in assuming that responsible position. The Aryans, he was proud to say—though 'pride' and 'Aryan' were as wide apart as the poles—were a pastoral race, and as such there was an abundance of the milk of human kindness and the cheese of social sensibility among them. All their actions, he could affirm, were dictated by the tenderest considerations for their own species, else why should they not eat beef? He could illustrate his position by hundred other examples, but he would confine himself to one instance, the famous Sutee rite. What could shew a nobler spirit of sympathy, he exclaimed, with the poor, pining widow, dying day by day, inch by inch, than to quench the fire of her grief in the ashes of the funeral pyre. Was it not, he asked, worth living to do such a worthy deed? And could the descendants of those, he said, who took compassion on grown-up widows, sanction the torture of poor infants as helpless as blind puppies? Bancharam said, that as the question was being discussed not so much before an Aryan Board as a representative one, he would

take the liberty of looking at the question from a representative point of view. It was an admitted principle, he stated, of representative government—and if he was wrong he would be glad to be set right—that the minority should be sacrificed to the majority. It was superfluous to state, he argued, to such an enlightened audience, that infants notably were a class of minors, and as such constituted what was called a 'minority,' and that when they came of age, they could in all propriety be styled a 'majority.' Now, he said, as the express purpose of vaccination was to lacerate infants with the lancet that they might not be carried off by small pox when they had attained majority, or in other words to immolate the minority for the safety of the majority, it was strictly speaking a representative remedy, and really he could not understand for the life of him, how people could sit on the Board as representatives of the people and at the same time cry down vaccination. He further said, that the argument he had advanced, he had the satisfaction to hope, would meet with the acceptance of every right minded representative man, and that if any doubts still lurked in the minds of any of the members present—which for the honour of the body he would be most unwilling to suspect—he would only add that the lancet, to the use of which in vaccination so much objection was taken, was only a representative of the lance though in a diminutive form. And he concluded by saying, that the more Aryan infants were familiarised with the use of the lancet, the better their chance of wielding the lance in after life and wielding it like Lancelot.

Need it be said that Bancharam's speech by reason of its profundity, produced a visible impression on the Board, and lance, lancet and Lancelot would have carried the day, had not Harakristo, trump as he was, brought forward one of his plans, which like an isthmus met the views both of the ministry and the opposition. He said, as an Aryan he could not sanction the use of the lancet, and as a representative man he could not

do away with vaccination. He told the Board he was an Aryan representative, and when did the world ever see the principles of the Aryans at variance with those of representation? He would keep up, he said, the representative principle of vaccination but not with the non-Aryan instrument the lancet. And he would shew how. He would just keep a large stock of mosquitoes in hand, and as occasion would arise, he would take some of them, tip their probosces with the vaccine virus and quietly introduce them inside the curtains of babies. How beautifully the little darklings would be vaccinated with sleep in their eyes and music in their ears.

To say that the above proposition was received with thundering cheers would not adequately express the din of approbation evoked by Harakristo's speech. The cheers were threatening; we use the word advisedly. The token of admiration was so outrageous as seriously to threaten to shorten the natural term of the auricular powers of the speaker. After the applause had subsided it was unanimously resolved—to vote a statue to Harakristo?—no—that all vaccinators be forthwith dismissed and mosquitoes be appointed in their stead, and that in order to have always in hand a competent set of operatives, a conservatory of mosquitoes be established in the town.

The young people secured and the old people saved and the general constitution, not of the board but of the people under it, being thus placed on a healthy basis, the members thought it proper to bring their intelligence all into a focus and scrupulously investigate the subject of Education.

'The advantages of education are manifold,' says the president. 'It gives eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf,' (somebody whispered not 'long years' he hoped). 'In short, knowledge is power.' 'Ignorance is bliss,' says Bancharam, 'and bliss is as good as power'—'why not have schools for teaching ignorance as well?' •

Harakristo says, 'Though there are exactly no schools for the express purpose of teaching ignorance, yet there is a numerous class for the attainment of bliss at any rate; the music schools for instance, the dancing schools, schools for nice young ladies taught by nice young men. 'Each a paradise of knowledge,—and my friend Bancharam will surely grant that a paradise of knowledge is more desirable than the blissful realms of ignorance.' Ghasiram chimes in, 'I fear education is getting venal day by day.'

'So it is my friend,' exclaims Dhinikristo. 'My boys are always doing something or other with the merchant of Venice, or the gentlemen of Verona, though for the soul of me I cannot make out what it is.'

'Beg your pardon,' says Ghasiram, 'I said education was getting venal. I do not know how to express myself more clearly than to observe that the bias of education is more towards the loaves and fishes of the world than the gold and silver of wisdom.'

'O I see,' cries Dhinikristo, 'It is a good idea; a very good idea to introduce mineralogy into our schools. Bakeries and fisheries no doubt pay, but they are nothing to mines you see. Look at the Australians only.'

The discourse having come to this satisfactory point, the president thinks it high time to interfere. He says, 'Gentlemen, I fear we are going out of our depth. Some of these mines are very deep, and if we once get in there is no knowing if we shall ever come out. The realms of bliss again are very high, and if we happen to get there, I fear, we shall care very little for what goes forward here below. We had better leave them for the present and see what we can do to set education up on its right leg. Education as now-a-days given and taken is, I am afraid, very costly. The machinery is very expensive. I do not mean the boards and globes and similar knick-knacks of the bowers of the muses; I allude to the agency. What is the good of having so many teachers, sub-inspec-

tors, deputy inspectors and full blown inspectors? and what is the use of keeping them always on the trot, like post runners? and again pay for their travelling. It is also quite unscientific, and gentlemen, when we could walk scientifically, ride scientifically and even sleep and eat scientifically, I wonder, why we should not teach and learn scientifically as well. We are very conservative in this respect. We take it almost a sin to slip out of the groove we have been running in, since Adam. I think it is high time we should strike out a path for ourselves. I beg therefore, gentlemen, to submit to you, with due deference and diffidence as well, a plan of education combining both science and economy. Let us arrange our schools in groups of twelve, and in the centre of each group, place one teacher communicating by means of the telephone with all the twelve schools, and for the purpose of inspection, let us have a very high pillar in the centre of the district, and the inspector will get to its top, telescope in hand and inspect all the schools at one glance. The advantage of the scheme is obvious. There will be very few teachers to maintain and no travelling charges to pay. Science also will be grateful to us for inaugurating such a thing as telephonic instruction and telescopic inspection."

It is due to the superior intelligence of the board to say that the proposition was no sooner put to the vote than it was carried. The president then rose to say that, in virtue of the powers vested in him, he begged to communicate to the members, the gratifying intelligence that they were dissolved, and to invite them to a hearty tiffin—the expences will naturally come under the heading 'Miscellaneous' in the District Budget—after the fatigues of the day, repeating

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

JIM.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

XV.—THE YOUNG MURDERESS.

Fakirnee was the name of the young wife. She was only nine years old, and had been married about three months to one Fella Nasho, an inhabitant of Dukhin Shabhazpore, in the Backergunj district, and already complained of matrimony as a very uncomfortable state. She had been hitherto accustomed to play all day in her mother's house, and now disliked to work all day in that of her husband; her companions from childhood were her equals in age, her principal companion now was a man passed his thirtieth year: her sufferings in fact were too real, too common, not to be intensely felt. They could not make her stay in her husband's house: she was constantly escaping from it to her mother's, whence however she was invariably brought back. She therefore determined to fly to the house of her maternal uncle, thinking that no one would seek for her there.

She pondered over the idea for two days and nights, and during that period considered as well as she could the chances of recapture and chastisement. The chances, she thought, were slender, while she felt the annoyances in her husband's house to be unendurable. Stale rice to eat and no one to play with was horrid misery, and she determined to escape from it at any rate.

There was another child in the house of Fella Nasho, a niece named Boodhee, the child of a deceased brother, and aged about six years; but though this child took a great liking to Fakirnee, Fakirnee would not condescend to be intimate with her. She considered her too small for a playmate for herself, and hated to be postured by her. In fact her company only aggravated her fancied wretchedness.

"Well, Boodhee, I have occasion to go out to-day for a while. You must remain at home and take care of everything till I come back," said Fakirnee to the child, with the determination of one who had made up her mind to fly.

"But where will you go to, and why should you not take me with you ?

"Because I am going a long distance and you will not be able to walk all the way with me, nor will I be able to carry you."

"But I will be able to walk with you," said Boodhee resolutely.

"No, no, you wont. You must stay here quietly, or I shall be very angry with you."

But Boodhee protested against this. "I cannot stay here alone," said she ; "I would be afraid to do so," and nothing that Fakirnee urged could induce her to remain.

Fakirnee turned pale with rage and trembled ; but what could she do to prevent Boodhee from going with her ? And so they went out of the house, one following the other ; Boodhee with unfeigned delight, determined to enjoy a good walk.

Fakirnee several times told Boodhee to return ; but Boodhee would not. The road was narrow and gloomy, and from the jungle which skirted both sides of it Fakirnee cut for herself a stout stick with a knife which she had brought with her.

"What will you do with the stick, aunt ?" asked Boodhee.

"I will beat you with it unless you go back."

"But I cannot go back now," expostulated the child ; "I do not know the road. Will you take me back to the house" ?

"No, you impudent jackal-cub, I am not going back to the house," and, saying this, she dragged Boodhee with her into a jungle and there began to belabour her with the stick. Boodhee screamed in pain and fear ; but there was no one to hear her screams. Fakirnee then scratched Boodhee's face with the knife, and when the child was dead she concealed the body in the jungle and went her way.

"There is blood on your clothes," Fakirnee, "were the first words of her uncle when she reached his house.

"Yes, my husband has beaten me and made my mouth bleed, and I have therefore escaped to your house for protection. Don't give me up if they seek me here."

But the promise she wished to obtain was not given, and when Fella Nasho came there for his wife she was at once made over to him.

"You have been a bad wife, Fakirnee, to leave my house in my absence," said Nasho to his wife. "Now help me in searching for Boodhea. You must know well where to find her."

The words filled the young murderess with affright. She was too young to dissemble. She thought her crime was discovered; confessed what she had done; and volunteered to show where the body was.

She was convicted of murder on her own confession; but in consideration of her extreme youth was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

XVI. CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

"You look very wretched over those musty papers, dear sister," said Champaklatta to Mon Mohini. "I am afraid they will be the death of you."

"I am afraid so too, my dear. The work is very ticklish of itself, and what makes it more so is that our servants are all a parcel of thieves and robbers. I would transfer the estates to the management of the Court of Wards if you do not object to it.

"I object? I go entirely with you in the matter, sister mine, and perhaps a little further than you do, for I would dismiss at least two of our servants at once, I mean the *Sudder Jumma Navis* and the *Sudder Mooktear*, who are perhaps the greatest scoundrels of the whole set."

"So be it with all my heart," said Mon Mohini; "your wish is always mine;" and she threw her arms round Champaklatta with great affection, and pressed a kiss on her forehead.

The two ladies were the co-widows of a man of property named Kissen Chunder Ghose, who owned several estates in the districts of Dinagepore and Purneah, and had on his death-bed appointed them the executors of his will and the guardians of his minor sons. He had also recommended the continued employment of certain persons as managers of his estates under them; but it was these people who were now giving them the greatest trouble by their knavery. Fortunately the two executors were well attached to each other and always of one mind, and, being both of them very sensible ladies they lost no time in applying to the Court of Wards to take charge of the estates, which they frankly owned they were unable to manage, after which they had no difficulty in turning out all *budmashes* from their service. The two servants first dismissed were named Chytun Churn Dass and Raj Narain Bagchy, the first of whom was the *Sudder Jumma Navis* and the second the *Sudder Mooktear* referred to by Champak-latta."

"What the deuce does this mean?" said Raj Narain addressing Chytun Churn, both of them looking much disconcerted and somewhat villainously inclined.

"It means that the buxom widows are to have favourites of their own choosing from this time, and not the favourites selected for them by the old hunks who has left them."

"Well I don't envy those who are to replace us," rejoined the first speaker; "only it is very hard to be turned adrift without warning, before we had time to provide ourselves with a sufficiency out of the estates."

"I tell you what, Raj Narain; you go and consult with your maternal uncle, Santo Nath. He is a clever man, and may yet help us to entrap the fairies."

The estates having been brought under the Court of Wards the Collector of Dinagepore put up the farm of one of them, named Parbuttypore to auction. The principal bidders for the lease were two, namely, Mr. Holm and Santo Nath Bhutta-

charjee, the latter the clever man alluded to by Chytun Churn. The bid of the former was Rs. 20,501, a year, and that of the latter Rs. 20,551, which of course was first accepted. But Santo Nath was unable to find the usual securities for the fulfilment of his engagement, and this led to the farm being eventually given to Mr. Holm for the *jumma* he had offered.

"Now we will have a grand fight over the case," said Santo Nath; "we shall appeal to the Commissioner urging a prior claim."

Santo Nath was as good as his word. He appealed to the Commissioner against the Collector's orders, urging that the estate in question had been previously farmed to himself and Chytun Churn Dass by the widows as executors and guardians, at a *jumma* of Rs.20,011-4-11 and in support of this statement submitted a document purporting to be the *pottah* granted to them.

The claim of Santo Nath being disallowed by the Commissioner the appeal was pushed up to the Board of Revenue, whence it was sent back to the Collector for investigation and report.

"Is it made out that the ladies executed the document?" asked the Collector of his *sheristadar*.

"No, Sir, the ladies deny having signed it or of having authorized any body to sign it on their behalf, and there are no witnesses to the signatures; but the usual seals of the ladies are attached to the document."

"Do they say who had charge of their seals usually?"

"Yes, they say that the *Sudder Mooktear*, Raj Narain Bagchy often, but not always, had charge of the seals."

"Just hand me the paper for a moment."

The Collector was a crack officer of the government and at once discovered that the deed was forged. It purported to have been executed in the Bengali year 1254, but an endorsement on the back of it showed that the blank paper was pur-

chased by Raj Narrin Bagchy from the *kootee* of one Indro Chundro Baboo, in 1256, and this was fully established by the evidence of Indro Chundro.

* * * * *

"You have made a muddle of it, Santo Nath," said Chytun. "It is all over with us now, I fear."

"The Colloctor's suspicions do not disprove the instrument," returned Santo Nath, with his habitual indifference. "Are the seals attached to it genuine or not?"

"The seals do not make the execution," replied Chytun, "and the ladies have already said that, if genuine, your nephew had opportunities to affix them."

"Shrewdly guessed, but their statement is no proof; it is only one statement against another. Have they witnesses to disprove their signatures?"

"Yes, they have; that is, they have what the court must regard as reasonable evidence. The writing is not very like their own, and there are no signatures at all of any witnesses."

"It will be no use to contend against so many crosses," said Raj Narain; "and you should now back out of your appeal if you can, uncle."

"We cant do that, Raj Narain," said Santo. "We have got entangled in the snare we laid for the widows, and must abide the issue of the investigation, hoping that, after all, it may not turn out to be very unfavourable to us."

But there was no ground for such hope. The issue was unfavourable; very much so in fact, for it led to the appellants being criminally prosecuted, Santo was charged with having uttered the forged document on the part of himself and Chytun, and, as the writing was for the benefit of both, and as they had both attempted to benefit by it, they were held equally responsible for uttering it. Against Raj Narain it was proved that he had bought the stamp in 1256 when it was blank, and, as no explanation was offered of the transfer of the paper to Santo, the inference was that Raj Narain had

bought it for having a forged lease written on it. There was also a strong presumption against him that the seals attached to the document, which seemed to be genuine, were affixed by him without the knowledge or authority of the executors.

The two prisoners, Santo Nath Bhattacharjea and Chytun Churn Dass, were convicted of having uttered a forged lease, and the third prisoner, Raj Narain Bagchy, of being an accessory before the fact to the forgery. Santo Nath was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 200 ; but the other two prisoners, having been in the service of the executors, and having for a long time possessed their confidence, were sentenced to five years' imprisonment with labour, each.

MUSETTE.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

How happy we were in your small, cosy chamber,
When the wind and the rain were at war in the skies ;
On the soft-cushion'd chair, by the hearth, in December,
What dreams I have dreamt in the light of your eyes!

Sharp crackl'd the faggot, the kettle sung cheerily,
On the hot cinders a pleasing refrain,
Leap'd up and darted and whirl'd the sparks merrily,
Danc'd to the music again and again.

On your lap a Romance,—in an indolent mood,
You sat with eyes clos'd—in a reverie sweet,
While the days of my amorous youth I renew'd,—
My lips on your hand and my heart at your feet.

O. C. DUTT.

PILGRIMAGE TO SEETAKUNDU.

(Concluded from page 36.)

Having finished the ceremonies and receiving his due Kassinauth departed, wishing to see us, every now and then, within the precincts of the shrine. We then passed rapidly through the same walks, busying ourselves for the time in various talks about Behar, and then making a few bends, arrived of a sudden on a level plain interspersed with a few cottages. Beyond these, the path undulates greatly and skirts the hills which we began to ascend here. The journey up the slope is indeed toilsome, owing to its being uneven up to the very summit. To invite the tourist therefore to the pleasant seat perched on the hill top, the wise erector of the superb rock-built tower has constructed a way that makes almost half a cycle, in its slow but deceptive ascent. The path is paved with reddish stones, found plentifully among the hills. On the left there is an alley, through which the drainage of the hills escapes to the plain. A few minutes' ascent brought us to a plat evidently formed by natural agencies, but plained and levelled considerably by artificial means: Here we could distinctly trace the marks of spade and shovel, that must have been used in levelling the ground for making the foundation of an edifice. Even here a few domestics lay squatting on the spot and were busily engaged in removing stones or uprooting the obstinate mountain grass. To our left we saw a rude well, which seemed contemporaneous with the wonderful tunnel, of the East Indian Railway Company, near their grand station at Jamalpore, and must have been constructed in like manner, at an immense cost, by blowing up and removing huge blocks of stone, by means of gunpowder. Its area at the top equals that of four or five ordinary wells put together, and it is fenced on three sides by a stone parapet about four feet high. On the north it is open, and a deep dusky gorge runs through the rocks with stone walls almost precipitous. Thus the well, together with its northern outlet, resembles a gigantic funne

with a brood crack running from the top to the bottom. We approached the very rim. As we looked down at the awful depth, a few that had never been accustomed to such trials of nervous strength, recoiled mechanically affected with that sort of giddiness which people standing on the edge of a tall tower, or precipitous hill feel, when they look at the tremendous depth below. A few of us however stood our ground, and among this stont band there was a boy, who shewed greater firmness than any of us. We peeped and peeped, but found nothing—at last changing our position we hit upon a good stand, from which with expanded views descried the depth—the awful depth at which lay a small sheet of dirty water. Over it hung a sort of darkness, obscuring and hiding every thing in its impenetrable folds. We had but little opportunity to know whether the walls near the bottom of the well were of large stones or small pebbles, nor did we trace any vegetation. The walls close to the top presented a broken and perilous front of huge stones and pebbles with fissures yawning in every direction. The stones, mostly dirty white or ash-coloured, lay imbedded in the walls, and constant trickling of water having removed the loose cement of sand, they stood apparently without any support. The slightest touch of finger seemed sufficient to detach them from their stations, and send, rolling to the distant bottom with a terrible crash. Here and there a few species of thin-stemmed, close-jointed, creeper, might be found, striking their white little roots through the soil, and serving to keep together the sands. We might also see the moisture-loving orchards, hanging at ease and swinging at every breeze. These however disappeared totally where the stones came in close contact, and formed a compact mass. Pendulous herbs that thrive best on the scanty soil of rocks and suck up nourishment from the circumambient air, hung downwards from various points of the rim, and formed a natural tapestry. Of the common insects of the plain we noticed only a few varieties, in these upper regions of the air, and among these we saw, of

course not without delight, our old acquaintance, the spider—that military insect formed by nature for a life of struggle, and eternal hardship. In the old well they had several colonies of great extent, and as they seemed to possess nowhere so many natural advantages as there, we had every opportunity of acquainting ourselves with all the curious and entertaining phenomena of spider life. The stips of suspended trainers served as posts to fix their glutinous threads, and the tiny insects coming out of burrows in the walls supplied them food. They were seen all in motion—some wheeling round in still repeated circles and expanding the web in every cycle,—some moving at a leisurely pace through the entire circumference of the net, and pausing at intervals to examine the strength of its different parts—some hanging motionless with their legs hid in the belly, apparently dead, but really in search of food; a few constantly moving up and down the thread, like ship-boys sliding through the rigging or masons going up the ladder—some darting forward after some hopeless insects, and others simply oscillating to and fro. There were a few holes in the side of the well, in which a species of small white birds with red bills nestled—we also heard a hollow booming sound issuing from some hidden crevice of the rock, but the animal that made the sound so peculiar, we saw not.

We left the well, and proceeded to see the mansion that drew us to these heights. It is a splendid edifice consisting of several compartments, and surmounted by a dome about ten feet in diameter. It was erected by the late Baboo Prosonno, Coomar Tagore of Calcutta, whose portrait might be still seen on the southern wall. As we approached the gate, the porter, an old man in a fur coat, bowed low, and flung the doors wide open. We entered, and found on our left a number of low roofed houses, to be used for sundry domestic purposes; one for instance might officiate as a store-room, a second as a kitchen, and two others might be fitted up for dwelling apartments. On the right we saw a row of many—branched *Karavi*, (the Nereum

advratam of the botanist) now in full bloom; they displayed their crimson pomp to the evening sky, and exhaled an odour sufficient to perfume the breeze. We were conducted to several compartments, richly furnished with seats fashioned to suit the different postures of sitters;—there were chairs with or without elbows,—tables neatly varnished, and sofas tastefully carved and covered with fancy clothes on which you might see creepers red, yellow, or blue, flowers in unfaded bloom, or birds holding in their half-separated bills cherries or almonds. A couple of stairs, from the roof of the second story, brought us to an apartment with a vaulted roof. The room was spacious enough for a party of eight persons to dine in, and the table placed there, together with the chairs arranged round it, shewed that it was used for that agreeable purpose. From this steeple which is the highest part of the tower, the view of the surrounding country is really grand, and picturesque.

We stood at the centre of a vast circle the circumference of which was by no means less than twenty miles even on a moderate computation. Within this broad circuit the triumphs of nature were commingled with those of art. The Ganges here considerably broader than the Hugli below Calcutta, makes a tremendous curve of more than eight miles. Towards the west where it enters the horizon it presents a dreary prospect of white sand, and as it comes nearer it makes a bend, washing the buttress of the decayed fort of Meer Cassim, the last Nabob of Bengal. From this point it takes an easterly course, and then flowing a little way to the north of Monghyr, turns to the south, and leaves the horizon as a southerly current. The temple at Seetakundu, viewed from this elevated stand, looked like a big piece of white stone, the stream issuing from it like a thread of silver, and the lake of placid water into which it entered like a sheet of molten glass. The surplus water of the lake flows to the Ganges, upon whose broad breast we saw numberless insects,

floating and gliding to the distant ocean, like squadrons of milk white swans.

From the south a range of hills runs to the wavy bank of the Ganges, swelling at places to uneven peaks appearing behind each other.

Apart from these but in close vicinity, there is an array of minor ridges of needle shaped rocks. These have the fantastic appearance of an army of tall warriors, clad *cap-a-pie* in steel arms, and marching quick to sure victory, with muskets on shoulder and bayonets glittering at every motion. These were a little way off; at a distance of seven miles to the south, we saw the superb edifices of Jamalpore, from the middle of which, columns of smoke rose straight to the evening sky, from half a dozen yawning chimneys. Nor passed unnoticed the shady tamarind of the Kalipahar, beneath whose spreading boughs a chance passer might see of a fair evening a goodly band of toil-worn clerks, frolicking, and frisking about merrily, to forget the crushing labour of the day! Ay crushing labour indeed from sun-rise to sun set among a bristling array of mathematical figures. The endless projections of *plus* and *minus* disturb their nightly repose, and, poor souls! they hail with enthusiasm the respite—the respite of plough horses set loose at eve, after the toil of live-long day through miry ruts and stubborn glebes. Near it we seemed to see our humble cottage resounding as a pigeon hole with the hearty laugh of playful children, engaged in all manner of antic games of the King and the Queen or the Blind man's buff, Hide and Seek or the Household and Thief. Within a mill of the Kalipahar we saw two holes upon the summit of the rock, marking the point where it has been pierced for the passage of Railway trains.

These were the distant landmarks; below us there was a spacious garden abounding in trees of every leaf, but chiefly in palms and prickly dates that swelled considerably from

the level of dwarf plants, like tall-crested cavaliers in the midst of foot soldiers. We stood so high that the castor oil plantations beneath us appeared like fields of tall grass, and the full grown up country swains labouring among them like little boys plucking berries.

We looked up, and it was to behold the endless glories of heaven. The clouds that had darkened the face of heaven at the break of day, mostly vanished; the rest, a few patches here and there, assumed a crimson glow every moment, and lay motionless in mid heaven, like gilded frigates becalmed on a celestial ocean. The shades of evening now descended upon the plain—the distant objects were wrapped up in an impenetrable mist, and the stars began to shine like drops of melted silver on the slaty blue. It was now high time to descend, and so we blessed the sacred memory of that enlightened man, who had raised so high a tower upon a crag so high, to gratify the harmless passion of pensive souls. We came down the stairs with hasty steps as it was already dark and we had before us full three miles to walk, to reach Monghyr the nearest Railway Station. We came just in time to avail ourselves of the train and found the *leader* still puffing, and coughing, and preparing itself for the coming feat. We got in and rattled on at a great rate till at a turn the vast Railway works of Jamalpore opened on our view; we then lighted on the station platform amidst the well known laconic cry of "Ticket, Ticket" of the station staff.

This wild ramble of ours was not without its effects. It gave full play to our subordinate limbs, exercised our lungs, and produced almost a fabulous appetite, to say nothing of the small addition it made to the stock of our piety and general knowledge. We came fast to our lodgings and sat down to a steaming supper with all the avidity of the merry Monarch in the Fortunes of Nigel.



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STORMING A REDOUBT.

(From the French of M. Merimée.)

A military friend of mine, who died of fever some years ago in Greece, gave me, one day, a spirited description of the first action in which he had the honor of being engaged. I was so much impressed with his story, that, immediately I had leisure, I wrote it out from memory. I give it almost in his own words,—

I joined my regiment on the evening of the 4th September and found the Colonel in camp. He received me somewhat roughly at first, but on reading the letter of recommendation I had brought from General B——, he changed his manners and spoke rather kindly to me.

I was introduced by him to my Captain, who had just that moment returned from a reconnoitering expedition. My Captain, with whom I had hardly time to get myself well acquainted, was a big, swarthy man, with hard and repulsive features. He had risen from the ranks and had won his cross and epaulettes on the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and weak, contrasted strangely with his almost gigantic size. I was told that his cracked and weak voice was owing to a ball having gone through his lungs at the battle of Jena.

On learning, that I was fresh from the academy at Fontainebleau, he looked grim and said :—“ My lieutenant died yester-

day, but——” and stopped ; but I had no difficulty, in understanding that he wished to add——“ but you won't be able to supply his place, I am sure, though you have been sent for that purpose.”—I was young and a sharp rejoinder was on the tip of my tongue, but I fortunately restrained myself.

The moon rose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, which was within couple gun shot distance from our bivouac. She appeared large and red, as is generally the case when she is just rising over the horizon. But this evening she appeared extraordinarily grand to me. For an instant the redoubt appeared in black relief upon the brilliant disk of the moon, like the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier,—a veteran, near whom I was standing, remarked the fiery redness of the orb :—“ Ah ! red as blood,” said he,—“ a sign that it will cost us dear to win the redoubt.” I had always a superstitious tendency, and the old soldier's words made me curiously nervous. I sought my bed, but I could not sleep. I arose and walked backwards and forwards for sometime, gazing at the long line of watch-fires which glimmered on the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When I had been sufficiently refreshed by the cold and sharp night air, I returned to the fire, enveloped myself in my cloak and closed my eyes, expecting not to open them again before dawn. But sleep had fled from me. My reflections gradually assumed a solemn and melancholy character. I said to myself that among these one hundred thousand men, who covered the plain, there was not one whom I could call my friend. If I be wounded, thought I to myself, I shall be taken to the hospital and there left in the hands of an inexperienced surgeon to be treated with the usual negligence and inattention. All I had heard about painful amputations and hideous operations now came to my memory. My heart pulsed violently, and mechanically I arranged the portfolio and handkerchief which I had in my breast pocket, in order that

they might serve as a sort of protection against the enemy's bullets. From over-fatigue I went off into a doze occasionally, but then some sinister thought would rush across my brain with redoubled force and waken me with a start. Lassitude triumphed in the end, and I was fast asleep even when the reveillé was sounding. We were quickly drawn up in order of battle, the roll was called and then the order "pile arms!" was given and obeyed. Everything appeared to promise a quiet day.

At 3 P. M., however, an aide-de-camp dashed in, bringing a message from headquarters.—We were at once ordered to fall in and shoulder arms. Our skirmishers scattered themselves over the plain and we slowly followed them. At the expiration of twenty minutes we saw the Russian pickets falling back and re-entering the redoubt.

A battery of artillery galloped off and established itself on our right and another on our left,—both of them, however, a good way in advance of us. They commenced a smart cannonade upon the enemy, who replied with equal energy; and soon the redoubt of Cheverino was completely hidden from us by thick clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was partly protected from the fire of the Russians by a dip in the ground. Their shots, rarely aimed at us, for they chose to direct their fire upon our artillerymen, passed over our heads, but sometimes covered us with dust and small stones.

As soon as the order—"Forward! March!" had been given, my captain scanned my face attentively, which induced me to caress my growing moustache twice or thrice in a manner as heroic as I could assume. I was not actually afraid, but I was nervous lest those around me should imagine that I was so. The cannon balls which went growling over us,—for the present inoffensively,—contributed greatly to my being able to maintain a calm demeanour. I felt inwardly, however, that I was in the midst of imminent danger, as we were directly

under the fire of a powerful battery. I was pleased to see myself so calm, and I thought of the pleasure in store for me when I shall be called upon to narrate this brilliant feat of arms,—the capture of Cheverino,—in Madame de Saint Luxan's drawing room, Rue de Provence.

"Well, young man," said my Colonel to me, when riding by our company, "you will have experience of some rough work, to commence with." I smiled with a martial air, and, in a gingerly manner, shook off from the sleeve of my new jacket some dust which had been thrown up by a cannon ball falling and burying itself in the earth some thirty paces from me.

Seeing that shots were making no impression upon us, the Russians commenced plying us with shells, which could easily reach us in the hollow where we were. A large fragment carried off my shako and killed a man near me.

"My complements to you youngster," said my Captain to me, as I recovered my shako,— "now you are safe for the whole day." I was aware of this superstition among military men, who believe that the proverb *non bis in idem* is as certain an axiom on the field of battle as in a court of justice. I proudly covered myself with the battered shako. "Rather an unceremonious way this of making people salute," said I, as gaily as I could. The joke, though not very happily conceived, appeared excellent under the circumstance. "I congratulate you," continued my Captain,— "you are free from further danger, and this evening will see you in command of a Company, for I feel "the oven is being heated" for me. Bye the bye, it is strange that every time when I received a wound, it invariably happened that the officer near me was struck down by a spent ball; and," added he in a more low voice and as if rather ashamed, "the name of every such officer commenced always with the letter P."

Ominous predictions these; but I armed myself with courage as best I could. Others, no doubt, would have acted like me or been damped by the prophetic words of the Captain.

As for myself, I was a conscript, and I had no one near me with whom to share the inward feelings of my heart. It was my duty, I knew, always to appear calm and intrepid, and I tried my best to appear so at this moment.

About half an hour after, the fire of the Russians sensibly slackened. And now we came out of our ambush and marched upon the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. To the second was confided the task of attacking the redoubt in flank, towards the gorge. The remaining two battalions were to give the assault. I was in the third battalion.

On debouching from behind the sort of natural buttress, which had protected us so long, we were received by several close discharges of musketry, which made but slight execution in our ranks. The hissing sound made by the bullets was new to me. I frequently turned my head at this sound and thus drew upon me some raillery from my comrades, who had grown familiar with it. After all, said I to myself, a battle is not such a terrible affair,

We advanced at a run, preceded by skirmishers. All at once the Russians gave three hurrahs, three loud hurrahs, and then remained silent and without firing.—“I do not like this ominous silence,” muttered our Captain. Our soldiers were too noisy, thought I, and their tumultuous clamour compared unfavorably with the imposing silence on the part of the enemy.

We rapidly came up to the foot of the redoubt. The palisades had been thrown down and the ground torn up by our shots. Our men rushed over these debris like an avalanche shouting “Vive l'Empereur.” How vociferous they were!—Who could have thought that, after continuous shouting, they had still such strength in their lungs!

I lifted up my eyes, and never shall I forget the sight which I saw. The smoke had, in a great measure, cleared up and remained suspended twenty feet above the redoubt like a leaden pall. Through a kind of blue mist we could see the Rus-

sian grenadiers behind their half-destroyed parapet, with shouldered muskets, standing motionless as statues. I still seem to see each soldier,—his left eye steadily fixed on us and his right hid behind the raised musket. In one of the embrasures was a man standing by a cannon with a lighted match in his hand.

A shudder ran through me. I was convinced that my last hour had come. "Ah, now the dance is going to begin in earnest"!—Cried my Captain,—“Good night!” These were the last words I heard him utter.

A roll of drums inside the redoubt, and I saw all the muskets levelled. I shut my eyes and immediately heard a fearful crash followed by groans. When I reopened them I was surprised to find myself still among the living. The redoubt was again enveloped in smoke. I was surrounded by the wounded and the dead. My Captain was stretched at my feet, his head crushed by a cannon shot and I was bespattered with his brains and blood. Of all my company only I and six others were left standing.

A moment of stupor succeeded this carnage. The Colonel, placing his hat on his sword point, was the first to climb up the parapet, shouting “Vive l'Empereur”! He was at once followed by all the survivors. I do not now distinctly remember what happened after that. We entered the redoubt some how or other. We fought desperately, man to man, in the midst of such dense smoke that we could hardly see ourselves. I believe I used my sword effectively, for I found it all bloody. At last I heard the shout of “Victory”! and the smoke having dispersed, I perceived that the ground under us was entirely covered with blood and with corpses.—About two hundred men stood there in the French uniform, grouped without any order whatever, some loading their muskets and others grimly wiping their bayonets. They had eleven Russian prisoners with them.

The colonel, covered with blood, was stretched upon a broken ammunition wagon near the gorge. A few soldiers were eagerly pressing forward round him. I approached. "Where is the senior Captain?" he enquired of a serjeant. The serjeant only shrugged his shoulders in a most significant manner.—"And the senior Lieutenant?"—"This gentleman," pointing to me, "who joined yesterday, is at present the senior lieutenant," replied the serjeant with wonderful calmness. A bitter smile played on the lips of the Colonel. "Well, sir," said he, turning to me, "you have now the chief command, set about promptly fortifying the entrance to the redoubt with these carts, for the enemy is in force. General C—, however, will not delay to send in support."—"Are you dangerously wounded, colonel?" said I with anxiety.—"I am done for, my friend," replied he,—"but what of that,—the redoubt is taken!"—

O. C. D.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

XVII.—THE PARRICIDE.

"Well, Gooheea, where have you been all day?" asked Magah of his son as he saw him enter the house towards the evening.

"What is that to you, father? Am I yet a child that I must account to you daily whither I go and what I do?"

"You may or may not do so, as you choose; but if I continue to hear all that is spoken of you long, you shant stay in the same house with me. Since all my kindness has been so misappreciated I need not throw away more of it on an object so worthless."

Having said this Magah turned away his face from Gooheea, who without answering him farther took his seat in the *veranda* of the hut with eyes fixed on the ground. The father was an old hill-man of Kurburiah, in Bhaugalpore, an honest man in his sphere of life. But he had married an ill-natured vixen who had given him no peace, and after her death his eldest son, being addicted to vices of every description, prolonged his trial so as to make him quite weary of life. Magah did not know of all Gooheea's misdoings; but what he did occasionally hear from his neighbours made him very miserable, for they described his son as a drunkard, a gambler, a liar, and a thief.

Magah had another son named Juggun, who was somewhat better behaved than Gooheea and more attached to him. This youth now made his appearance in the *veranda* and asked Gooheea why he looked so gloomy.

"What is that to you, you stupid? Have I to render explanations to thee also, so long as I live in this accursed house?"

This ebullition of ill-temper surprised Juggun, as he was not aware of what had passed between Gooheea and the old man; but he made no further inquiries, and hardly thought

more of the matter at the time. The fact is, their evening meal was ready and he had come to apprise Magah of it; and, receiving his permission, he hastened back to bring the food before him.

The meal was served to the three members of the family in three distinct platters, one of which Juggun covered with a basket, saying that, not having finished all his work yet, he would eat it later. He accordingly went off to a separate hut, where he was soon absorbed in his duties. But he was disturbed shortly after by a voice of crying proceeding from his father's *veranda*, and hastening thither he found Magah lying on the ground with his throat cut, and Gooheea sitting beside him and crying bitterly. It was sometime before he could get a word out of Gooheea; but he said at last that he had killed the old man, without assigning any reason for the act. An axe was lying beside the deceased by which he had been evidently slain. Gooheea was perfectly sober at the time; and Juggun deposed that he was not naturally of a violent temper.

Gooheea was apprehended and tried, and being called upon for his defence, said that he had thrown his axe at a dog that was eating his dinner, and that it struck his father and killed him. But this statement was untenable, as the wound on the deceased was six inches long and three inches deep, which no accidental stroke of the axe could have inflicted, and as Gooheea himself referred to the angry discussion he had with his father, it was presumed that he was led away by passion to perpetrate that for which he seemed afterwards to have cried.

He was convicted of murder, and capitally punished.

XVIII.—THE FISH-HATER.

A small jute boat was passing down one of the Soonderbun streamlets, laden with jute, the property of one Shoobul Bungshee Shah, a *Mahajun* of Rungpore, and bound for Calcutta.

The boat belonged to Neesroo Manjee, and was manned by six *mallahs* and the *manjee*. There was also a *churandar*, or guard, on the boat, a man named Bhowany Sing, appointed by the *mahajan* for the protection of his property.

The *churandar* was seated on a *jhoopree*, or shed, attached to the *chuppur* of the boat, while the boatmen were cooking their evening meal on deck, the steam rolling upwards towards the *jhoopree* in dense masses, and carrying with it the stifling odour of the *hilsa* fish which was being fried. Now Bhowany Sing was a fish-hater. He could not bear the swell of fish; even the sight of it filled him with disgust, and this had been the cause of frequent disagreements between him and the others on board; but as a rule the boatmen had hitherto yielded to the earnestness of his remonstrances, and cooked their fish-curry always on shore. It was otherwise on the present occasion. On arriving at Jellacottee, in Backergunj, they had bought a large *hilsa* fish, and as night was hastening apace they sat down on deck to cook it.

"Why dont you go to the shore to cook your fish, as usual?" asked Bhowany Sing of Neesroo.

"Because the hour is late, and there is no clean spot on the shore in our immediate neighbourhood to cook it upon," was the reply.

"Then why not cross over to the other side of the stream?" again demanded Bhowany Sing.

"Simply because the tide here is very strong, and we could not cross over easily at present."

"I wont stand that nonsense," said Bhowany Sing. "I forbid fish-cooking on board, and if you dont mind me, I tell you you will find we a very bad man to deal with."

But they did not mind him, though he continued to talk loud for a long while. They in fact did not understand all that he said, for a great part of what he said was spoken in Hindustani, which was jargon to them; and, besides that,

they had no wish to listen to him, for they were hungry and anxious to have their repast soon.

The fish being cooked the *mallahs* ate heartily of it along with their stale rice, and they seasoned their enjoyment by cracking jokes at the *churandar*, who looked daggers at them from the top of the *chuppur*. "I warn you not to trifle with me," he exclaimed repeatedly with a threatening air; but they laughed at his discomfiture all the more loudly for his warnings and threats. The scowl of Bhowany Sing was ominous; but the moonlight was faint, and they scarcely observed it; and after chowing their *pan* and smoking the *hookah* they went to sleep.

Four of the boatmen slept inside the boat, and two on the *chuppur*, while the *churandar* occupied the *jhoopree* on the *chuppur* from which he had been watching the *mallahs* all the evening. But Bhowany Sing did not sleep. The sarcasm of the *mallahs* had intensified the ill-feeling against them, originated by the odour of the *hilsa* fish, and his mind was much troubled with thoughts of revenge. He was a strong and bold man, and vindictive also; and he held his sword in his hand, though yet irresolute how to act. At this moment Neesroe Manjee got up to alter the position of the boat which was drifting too near the shore, and this creating an uneasy suspicion in Bhowany Sing's mind, he started up from bed at once brandishing his open sword.

"The carrion-eating dogs would take me by surprise, I fancy," were the words he muttered to himself, and then without saying a word more he struck a vigorous blow with the sword on the sleepers nearest to him, namely those on the *chuppur*, and then jumped into the water and tried to escape. Of two men who were struck one, named Chamaroo, was killed outright, while the other, named Chidam was very badly wounded. The murderer was hotly pursued by Neesroe, and, as there was a police *pharee* on the river bank, he was captured without much difficulty.

“What is the charge against me? Why am I arrested?” asked Bhowany Sing of the policemen by whom he was encompassed. “Is it so great an offence to have struck at carrion-eating hogs that annoyed me?” He did not deny his crime, but urged in palliation of it that the boatmen had been frequently quarrelling with him ever since they started from Rungpore, that he had often put up with their abuse, and that on one occasion he had remained two whole days without food in consequence of the annoyance caused by the nauseous odour of the fish they eat. He had endured all this as long as it was possible for human nature to endure; but still they were not satisfied, and on this night he overheard Chamaroo and Chidam planning further indignity for him. It was this that made him so angry and forced him to use the sword; but he struck with it at random, to punish, not to kill, and afterwards attempted to escape because he saw the other boatmen preparing to overpower him.

The plea of temporary excitement was however irreconcilable with the facts stated by the boatmen, and the fish-bater was sentenced to capital punishment.

XIX.—THE PLANTER’S VENGEANCE.

A dispute of some years’ standing had existed between Mr. Trench of the Peergunje concern and one Grees Chunder Chowdry, in respect to the possession of the Radhaypore factory in Fureedpore. The matter at last came under legal adjudication, and the possession of the factory was accorded to Grees Chunder; but in less than two months after Grees Chunder died, and the succession to the property descended to his widow, named Siboo Soondery Dabea. All who knew Mr. Trench knew well that now was the time for him to exert his power to the utmost to punish those who had stood opposed to him. He was a strongminded man, not much subject to any qualms of conscience, and always ready to strike those who dared to offend him; and he could not forgive Siboo

Soondery the mortal offence her husband had given him in opposing his wishes. The result was a series of outrages on on the servants of the Radhaypore factory, which Siboo Soondery in her misery was unable to resist. They were all perpetrated through the agency of hirelings and dependents, the principal who engaged them lying *perdu* that we might not come under the clutches of the law.

"Master, a boat has started from Syedpore laden with indigo, sugar, and other property belonging to Siboo Soondery of the Radhaypore factory. It is in charge of one Gooroo Churn Dutt, a servant of the lady, and is proceeding to Calcutta for the sale of the goods on board. It must on its way pass by our Bhoosianee factory. Are any orders to issue in regard to it to our manager at Bhomsianee?"

"Yes, certainly. Tell the manager to capture the boat and confiscate all the property he may find in it; and let him also keep the crew imprisoned till he receives further instructions from us."

These orders chimed exactly with the wishes of the manager, a villain of the first water and ever alive to his own interests. His eyes twinkled with delight as he calculated the profits the enterprize would bring to himself. Half the proceeds of the property captured would at least fall to his own share, and that was not a bribe to sneeze at. He stationed a number of *chaprassies* at the factory *ghat*, and the boat was no sooner in sight than they called upon the boatmen to bring it to the shore.

"Dont heed them, boatmen," said Gooroo Churn; "they are our enemies, and mean mischief. Row on as fast as you can. When we have passed the factory limits we shall not care for them."

But they were not allowed to pass the *ghat* so easily. The factory folks lowered a boat of their own and pursued them. A scuffle ensued, and, Gooroo Churn, and his people being

overpowered, their boat was brought to the *ghat* with yells of triumph.

They had no mercy to expect from Mr. Trench's people, and received none. Justice is rarely to be had within an easy distance of a factory; and the long and short of the matter was that, Gooroo Churn and nine others who had come with him were locked up in the factory godown, together with the boat's crew, who however were not very carefully guarded.

"I would not keep the whole of them in one place though," said Mr. Trench. "Let the servants of the Radhaypore factory be sent to Chur Gooriandee, where they will be in safer keeping than at Bhoosianee, and sell off the boat and goods at once."

The orders of the planter were promptly attended to; but Gooroo Churn, after being brought to Chur Gooriandee managed to make his escape in the night, which created quite an uproar in that little place. Mr. Trench was in a terrible passion, not only with his own people, but also with his captives.

"They shall rue it; that they shall," exclaimed he; and he ordered all the remaining prisoners to be sent up to his own residence at Peergunje. But what was he to do with them there? Gooroo Churn was now at large, and the Police guided by him was sure to be active and troublesome. "I will lessen the number of my prisoners and compound with the boatmen. It will be enough if the chief servants of Siboo Sooudery are adequately punished."

The *manjee* and his boatmen were now let off, and, the boat having been sunk in the Kaleshur river, a small compensation for it was given to them. Of the remaining eight captives four were released on siding with the factory, Mr. Trench considering it a masterstroke of policy to secure friendly witnesses in the enemy's camp.

" Every escape increases the chance of detection, and the myrmidons of the law have already become exceedingly alert. But I know a trick worth two of theirs. Let the remaining four prisoners be constantly moved about from factory to factory, and then the search for them will be easily evaded. I have read French history, and of the 'Iron Mask.' "

The unfortunate four were thus kept in duress in one place or another for upwards of three months, till they were suddenly pounced upon by the police at the factory of Lukheebaree, along with sixteen of Mr. Trench's servants, who had made their names odorous by giving effect to the lawless orders of their chief. These servants were brought to trial for their high-handed proceedings, and being convicted were sentenced to different terms of imprisonment, varying from four years to six months, according to their respective shares in the crime proved against them. But the man whose orders they carried out went scot-free.

The ANTIQUITIES OF BEERBHOOM.

No. I.

The Legends of a retired village.

Upon a pleasant plain watered by the far-famed Ajai, is situated the ancient village of Soopore, at a distance of two miles from the Railway Station of Bhalpore. From whatever direction you may approach it, the village presents a wild aspect of trees and creepers embracing and embraced, and creating a fantastic confusion of vegetable exuberance. Towards the west where it overlooks a spacious plain there are numberless pools, surrounded on all sides by dark palm groves, of water so pure that a silver plate dropped from the middle of any one of them may be seen to a good depth in its way towards the bottom. Upon the south the classic waters of the lucid Ajai—the stream that inspired the genius of Jaydev flow slowly to to the Ganga, nourishing the gay mangoes

topes which have been for ages standing upon its banks. On the north and east the village has no well marked boundaries and so the humble village annalist is silent on them.

Twelve years ago Soopore was perhaps the healthiest spot of Bengal, but ever since it has deteriorated so much that it may be now called the veritable lazar-house of Beerbhoom. Be that as it may we are not concerned with its present history; to mourn the depopulation of it may be fairly left to a weeping annalist. Our present task is far more pleasant—it is to conjure up the glorious past with all its traditions and associations.

More than a century ago when the Marhatta free-booters spread like wild fires over the Lower Valley of the Ganges and in open defiance of the prowess of the Moslem Viceroy, carried their predatory expeditions to the very heart of the country, there lived in this village a Goswami named Anand Chand. He was a man of deep erudition. His sanctity, love of justice and extensive practical benevolence obtained for him a name whose lustre time cannot obscure nor malice diminish. He led a life of rigid austerity—and bore fatigues without a complaint and always endured afflictions with stoic calmness. He was a man of a strong frame, a robust constitution and a complexion so clear that people used to say that when he drank the liquid passed down his throat like oil poured into a transparent bottle. He possessed a handsome income derived principally from the presents and offerings of his numerous followers, who believed that the key to the gates of Heaven was in the keeping of the Goswami and none could possibly get admittance into them until he had been propitiated.

It was a common belief among the Vyasnabs of the time and I think they believe even now that Anand Chand was an *avatar* of the great founder of Vyasnabism. It any Vyasnab died without an issue his property moveable or the reverse passed into the possessions of the Goswami who for the pur-

pose of collecting this easy revenue kept a regular establishment. He had a court of his own which held its sittings, and regulated all accounts in connection with it at night. His spiritual sway extended in every direction, and men from remote districts came to pay him homage.

On one occasion as the bell announcing the close of business-hours told sweetly the Goswami heard a confused cry of a large concourse of men awaiting at the *Sinhadwara** for admission. He became anxious to know the cause of this nocturnal deputation which he argued, waited upon him on some really urgent affair. He ordered the porters to fling open the gates, and the disorderly multitude rushed into the court in all the confusion of a panicstricken mob. Every one essayed to employ himself first but was prevented and pushed to the rear by another more impatient and authoritative. At last a lusty farmer of a bold and imperative look addressed the Goswami through ceaseless ejaculations of his more obstreperous compeers. He said that the *Burgees*, who had a few months before looted all the villages round about Soopore and driven the inhabitants into deep forests or unfrequented banks of rivers, had come and even encamped upon the outskirts of Soopore, ready to plunder and burn it at the break of day; and since flight was impossible in the face of the enemy they determined to present a bold front to the ruthless marauders. They knew that neither their barns, their treasures nor their cattle would be safe from the tenacious clutch of these vultures, and what they dreaded most was that their wives and daughters would be exposed to the lust of infuriated men of blood. No sooner had the rustic spokesman stopped than the Goswami began to meditate what he might do for the honor and safety of his men. At last walking up and down the balcony, for a few minutes, as if to settle his

* The principal gate. In Sanskrit and languages derived from it, the terms *Sinha* (Lion) *Shardool* (tiger) are expressive of power and superiority.

plan of work, he resolved to oppose the Burgees, and on the spot announced his intention to lead his rustic retainers to the Mahratta encampment.

Naturally a man of prompt determination, he never allowed the tardy growth of opportunities. He forthwith ordered his men to do what he wanted for the execution of his plan; and the brave villagers got themselves ready to oppose men long inured to the hardship of a military life. They knew that the Burgees came on hardy ponies, and their first endeavour was to lame these animals in their galloping career. The night was fearfully dark, but it was lit up by the lurid gleams of numberless torches in the hands of bold husbandmen, intrepid weavers and imprecating Brahmans. The horror of the scene was greatly augmented by the incessant shrieks and lamentations of disconsolate females who, dismayed at the vague enormity of the danger, kept running in all directions. It is impossible to describe the confusion—men, women and children with open mouths ran against each other—all wet in tears.

For full two hours the people who could retain the calmness of mind in the midst of danger continued to cut down bamboos, and these they furnished with iron hooks which they always kept in readiness in anticipation of the recurrence of these evils. In a few hours the rustic village became a regular garrison, the valuables were deposited in safes, and men whom age or weakness deterred from the use of arms retired with heavy hearts to the tower of the fighting Goswami.

G. L. G.

DR. MITCHELL ON TUKARAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many of our readers on reading the heading of this article will very likely ask—Who or what is Tukaram? For the information of such readers we may just say in one sentence, that Tukaram was a Maratha poet who lived at the time of the great Maratha chief Sivaji, that is to say about two hundred and fifty years ago; that he wrote small poems, or *abhangs* as they are called, chiefly of a moral and religious character; that the number of those *abhangs* is about 5,000; that the poet exercised a great influence on the religious consciousness of Maharashtra, especially amongst the middle and lower classes; that English-educated young men, the members of the Prarthana Somajes of Bombay and Puna, use his *abhangs*, somewhat altered, in their devotional meetings; and that the estimation in which he is still held may be inferred from the popular couplet known to every Maratha—

All is sweet, all is sweet,

Tuka is my fifth Veda.

Tukaram was of the Vaishnava persuasion, but the particular manifestation of Vishnu whom he devoutly worshipped, regarded as the chief divinity, and glorified in his poems, was Vithoba, whose local habitation is Pandharpur on the banks of the Bhima in the heart of the Maratha country. In this respect he was not unlike our Bengali poet Kavikankan, who has glorified the goddess Chandi in his immortal poem. But Kavikankan, though a great poet did not exercise a tenth part of that influence which the “national poet of the Maratha people” has exercised upon his countrymen.

The Rev. Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, who is one of the oldest missionaries in India, being now forty-four years in the mission field, and who is also a good Marathi scholar, was the first to discover Tukaram to the European world. In 1849 he wrote a long paper on the life of Tukaram for the Bombay

Branch of the Asiatic Society, which was published in their *Journal*; and now after the lapse of the third part of a century he has returned to his first love. Formerly he told us about Tukaram; now he presents Tukaram himself to us in an English dress; not indeed the whole of Tukaram,—Dr. Mitchell's multifarious labours in another and a higher sphere would not admit of undertaking so prodigious a work,—but a part of Tukaram, and we suppose, the best part of him. Nor do we wonder at Dr. Mitchell's appreciation of the religious poet of Maharashtra. The *abhangs*, though of a polytheistic character, are so saturated with deep religious emotion, that they cannot but strike a chord in the heart of even a Christian.

Some of the *abhangs* are monotheistic, while the great bulk of them are polytheistic. From this Dr. Mitchell supposes that there may have been a development of Tukaram's faith from polytheism to monotheism, and that the monotheistic *abhangs* were the latest. We don't think, however, that there was any such development in Tukaram's faith. Polytheism and monotheism exist together at the same time in the mind of every pagan, at any rate of every Hindu. Ask a Bengal peasant how many gods there are, and he will tell you that there is but one God, but at the same time he does not disavow allegiance to the three hundred and thirty millions which are said to form the Hindu pantheon. The two beliefs appear to us to be logically contradictory; but they are not so to the Hindu, for he has no notion of the God of the Bible, who is a "jealous God," suffering no rival near His throne. The monotheism of the sacred writings of the Hindus, as well as of the *abhangs* of Tukaram, is not a strictly logical monotheism; it is an emotional monotheism, a monotheism of feeling and sensibility. Just as a lover regards his mistress, and describes her as such, as the most beautiful creature upon earth, indeed as the only being worthy of the name of woman, so a Hindu devotee looks upon his guardian deity with absorbing

affection and describes him as the greatest and best of the gods, indeed as the only god.

If is time, however, we should give specimens of Tuka-ram's *abhangs* as they are gracefully rendered by Dr. Mitchell into English metre.

Here is an *abhang* which has the ring of our Saviour's teaching—"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. * * And if thy right hand offend thee cut it off, and cast it from thee."—

"If when God thou seekest, thou a hindrance fearest.

In thy best and dearest,

Cast them from thee!

If to child or riches thy fond spirit clingeth,

Lo to thee it bringeth

Only sorrow.

Prahlad even a father, Vibhishan a brother,

Bharat realm and mother

Disregarded.

Tuka says, One refuge, Hari's feet, ne'er faileth;

Nothing else availeth,—

All but pain's thee."

The following, which is the third of the selected *abhangs*, is not unlike the XV Psalm—"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart," &c :—

"Sing the hymn with true devotion,

Cleansed from evil wish and notion;

God to find if thou desirest,

Small the labour thou requirest,

Pride from out thy spirit chasing,—

Humbly the saints' feet embracing,

Think not, hear not, in thy blindness,

All of malice or unkindness.

And, says Tuka, as thou'rt able,
Be thou good and charitable."

Tukaram's affection for Pandharpur, the habitation of his favourite deity, Vithoba, was somewhat like David's love for Jerusalem, who said—"I was glad when they said unto me Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together," Witness the following:—

We shall march to Pandharpuri,
Rukmadevi's lord to see ;
Ear is there refreshed and eye,
And the heart overflows with joy ;
Saints we meet, a noble band ;
Joyful dance we on the sand ;
Oh, says Tuka, here is bliss ;
Naught in life compares with this."

And is not the following an echo of the Psalmist's cry—
"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God"?—

"As when the mother-bird at dawn goes to feed,
The brood remain fasting at home,
So longeth my heart for thee ;
The whole night it thinketh of thy feet.
When the unweaved calf is bound, O God,
In his heart is the cry for his dam.
Says Tuka—Thou art of near kin to me ;
Quickly show kindness, O helper of the helpless."

St. Paul says—"Circumcision is nothing, uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God." One seems to be reading a Hindu paraphrase on those words in the following *abhang* :—

"He who is pure in heart, and gentle in speech,—
Be there, or be there not, a garland round his neck ;
He who by self-experience has purified ways—

Be there, or be there not, a *jatha* in his head ;
 He who before another's wife is passionless—
 Be there, or be there not, ashes on his body ;
 He who is blind to others' wealth, and deaf to censure
 on others—

Behold ! that man, says Tuka, is a saint.”,

The 39th in Dr. Mitchell's list is somewhat like the 'Christian hymn beginning with—"Just as I am, without one plea," & :—

“ Even such as I am,
 Suppliant have I come to thee, O Hari,
 Now thou must not
 Falsify thine own pretensions.
 Pure my heart is not,
 Yet I call myself worshipper.
 Whoever asks about poor me,
 It is thy name that Tuka mentions.”

Tukaram, though a devout Voishnava, had a keen sense of the ludicrous. His religious humour is often racy. Take the following as a specimen :—

“ My heritage is Pandhari ;
 I dwell in Bhima-bank ;
 Rukmadevi is my mother ;
 Pandarang is my father ;
 My brother is Pundalik Muni ;
 The Chandrabhaga is my sister.
 A place has been given me at the feet,—
 Tuka is an old proprietor.”

Or this :—

“ Father and mother hoped much from him,
 But he became the slave of his wife.
 He attends to the babble of women,
 But answers not his own brother.
 His wife gets a yellow silk garment,

His mother a ragged *sovale*.

Says Tuka, such a fellow—

Deal him out blows with a shoe."

Or this :—

"A very bankrupt is Narayan,—

He is in debt to multitudes ;

Rising in the morning, at the great door

They cry—Give me, give me my own, O Hari.

He, the while, ruminating in the house,

Draws the screen of *maya* across.

The bond is thy name ;

Thy feet are the pledge.

Art thou not willing to give to any,

And therefore keepest thou silence ;

Creditor is Tuka the shopkeeper ;

Debtor is Vitthol the master."

The above extracts show that Tukaram was not only an enthusiastic devotee of Vithoba, an ardent Vaishnava, but that he was also a stern moralist, and had a deal of mother wit. We cannot speak too highly of Dr. Mitchell's metrical renderings ; they are elegant, graceful, and some of them exquisite. We hope and trust the learned Doctor will place before the world further results of his study of the great national poet of the Maratha people. He has given us 55 *abhangs* ; were he to give us about a hundred and fifty more and collect together in a volume all those *abhangs*, the two papers before us, and his first paper on the poet's life—the whole would be a valuable accession to oriental literature.

KANCHANJHINGA.

Kanchanjhinga ! that seem'st to prop the sky !
How early at the break of rosy day
On thee I gaze ! what hills and valleys lie
Between us ! And from far my homage pay !
Capped with eternal snow, how in the ray
Of rising sun you shine like burnished gold !
Or in molten silver's white array
You glitter ! Oh ! what mortal can behold
The dazzling grandeur your sunlit sides unfold !
The mantle bright of snows, now white now red
That on your high majestic crest you bear,
No human hand may touch, no foot may tread,
Unapproachable, sublime, silent, drear !
How bold and high your hoary head you rear !
Men come not nigh ; from far their homage pay,
Or tremble at thy feet in cold and fear,
Or like me, in the morn or eve of day,
Gaze and gaze with wonder, standing far away.
In ancient times when Rishis good and old
Reared in these rugged hills their lowly cot,
Afar from all the world, its power and gold,
In lone retreat they contemplation sought,
O thou wast then the same. They beheld what
I see, and did from far their homage pay,
As I from here pay mine. Ages have wrought
No change in thee, ages yet will roll away,
Our unborn sons will see thee as I see today.
Here as I stand, my soul soars far from me
To thy vast snowy fields and silver peaks,
And there it rests,—becomes a part of thee.
There where the red sun with effulgent streaks
Brightens thy valleys, crests and knolls and creeks,
There it dwells in rapture. But now adieu !

Far down into the plain in a few weeks
 I go. Against the sky so clear and blue
 I shall not see thy head rise crowned with golden hue.
 But wheresoe'er I be, by day or night,
 On hills or plains below, or far or near,
 I will behold thee when I close my sight,
 ° And see they proud majestic form appear
 Before my view, sublime and bright and clear.
 The impress which thou on my heart hast made
 Will never die! Ah! it can only wear
 With life itself, with life itself can fade,
 Even as thy glorious form fades in the evening shade.

THE SIXTH BEATITUDE.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

BY THE EDITOR.

THESE words form a part of the noblest discourse ever uttered by human lips. The dignity of the speaker, the majesty of the style, and the heavenliness of the matter render the Sermon on the mount one of the sublimest portions of the lively oracles of God. The beatitudes constitute an appropriate and graceful exordium to the Divine oration of the heavenly Teacher. They set forth, in marked antithesis to the worldly views of the Messiah's kingdom, the spiritual nature of that government which he was to establish on the earth. Poverty of spirit, meekness of disposition, and purity of heart, were proclaimed to be the primary qualifications for participating in the joys of this spiritual kingdom.

The beatitudes may be viewed also as a striking delineation of the development of the Christian life in all its stages. The initial stage is the consciousness of internal poverty. This is followed by a spiritual mourning over sins and frailties, by meek humility, and by an hungering and thirsting after

righteousness. These states of the mind engender universal charity to the human species and unfeigned love to the brethren. But the spiritual life does not stop here in its development; it effloresces in the advanced purity of the soul, in an increasing desire to make known to others the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and in esteeming it a great honour "to suffer for righteousness' sake,"

In the beatitudes we perceive an admirable correspondence between the promises and the character of the persons to whom these promises are made. The poor in spirit have the promise of the riches of the heavenly kingdom; the mourners, of comfort; the patient meek, of a splendid heritage; the hungry and thirsty, of abundance of spiritual nourishment; the compassionate, of mercy; the pure in heart, of a vision of the most holy God; the peace-makers, of adoption into the heavenly family; and the persecuted, of the joys of the eternal world. Of these beatitudes the sixth forms no mean part. In common with the rest, the sixth beatitude consists of the delineation of a *character*, and a *promise* or blessing connected with it. The character described in the text is *purity of heart*, and the blessing attached to it, the *vision of God*.

I. We shall first attend to the character. "Blessed are the *pure in heart*." It would be taking only a partial view of the character, were we to understand the purity spoken of here to be merely antithetical of hypocrisy. That the word translated "pure" is used in this limited sense in Scripture is abundantly manifest. Neither is it to be denied that purity sometimes signifies chastity.

But besides that we have no warrant in so limiting the expression, these partial delineations of character would be in ill keeping with the glowing nature of the blessing attached to it. The blessing is none other than a rapturous vision of Jehovah in all the majesty of his glorious perfections. However laudable and indispensable the virtues of sincerity and

chastity may be, we can scarcely suppose that the Great Teacher of the human race would attach to them such a high benediction. The limitation, moreover, of the purity spoken of in the text to sincerity and chastity suits not with the view that the beatitudes contain a development of the spiritual life in all its stages. To the virtues of sincerity and chastity an earlier position is evidently due in the progressive scale of the unfolding of the Christian life. And the argument gathers additional force when we reflect, that the comprehensive sense of purity we are advocating presents at the same time a striking contrast to the outward pietism of the Pharisee and the wanton licentiousness of the Sadducee. No doubt, in the character described in the text is implied the purification of the heart from all the defilements of sin. It implies the renovation of the will and the sanctification of the heart and affections. Indeed, we have in the Bible itself a paraphrase of this beatitude in the words of the Apostle when he says, "Without holiness it is impossible to see the Lord."

Internal purity of the heart is essentially different from outward reformation of character. External amendment of the conduct is quite consistent with the impurity of the heart, and may be produced by causes wholly alien to the soul. The sensual man, influenced by a love of honour and reputation, may refrain from the commission of overt acts of wickedness; while his thoughts and imaginations may traverse all the forbidden paths of luxury and wantonness. The revengeful man, actuated by the wholesome fear of human punishments, may withhold his hand from blood; while the malice of his heart may brood on envious designs, and delight in the execution of its wrath, though only expressed in the images of fancy. The dishonest man may cease from fraud only to advance his credit and reputation that he may thereby the better minister to the gratification of his other carnal desires. The profane man may give up swearing and unholy imprecations only to

obtain a name for sanctity, and under the disguise of a hypocrite to perpetrate that which it might be inconvenient to do in the eye of the world. In a word, a man may present in his outward behaviour the picture of a graceful morality, while the recess of his inmost thoughts may be a den of impurity. In marked antithesis to all such outward reformation of the conduct our Lord says, "Blessed are the pure ⁱⁿ heart."

In what then does purity of heart consist? It consists, as we have already said, in the renovation of the will, the rectification of the affections, and the sanctification of all the thoughts and imaginations of the soul.

Owing to the innate depravity of the heart of man, which is represented in Scripture as "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," the will—the master-faculty of the soul, is ever prone to do evil. True as the needle which points to the pole, the will gravitates towards impurity. The will of the natural man is powerless to do good, while in the commission of evil it summons up all the energy of which it is possessed. To the cherishing of one pure desire, to the performance of one act of holiness, in its unregenerate state, it is utterly unequal. It breathes no aspirations after the fair and the good, it pants not after a similitude to the Divine image. Weakened by the loss of original righteousness, tainted in the corruption of the first Adam, and hurried on by impure desires and affections, the human will has forgotten its noble vocation of leading the mind to the arche-type of holiness. It has lost all the insignia of primitive independence and has become the ministering servant of unholy passions which lord it over the soul.

In the spiritual, that is, in the regenerate soul, the will is renewed by the energy of the Holy Spirit. It is delivered from the tyranny of unholy desires, invested with spiritual might, rectified from its sinful bias, and assisted in its movements by the ministry of sanctified affections. The regenerating grace of God powerfully but sweetly works a change on

the will. It begets in it a rooted aversion to sin. Endued with heavenly might and strengthened by the graces of the Spirit, the renewed will lusts against the flesh and strikes at the root of sin. Thus the Spirit of God works in the purified man "both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Purity of heart implies the sanctification of the affections and desires. The natural man desires only the things of this life. Born of the earth, earthy, all his views are bounded by the horizon of visible things. The vain pomp and glory of this world—its transient joys and delights—its riches—its fame—its carnal gratifications—these constitute the sum of his felicity, and to the acquisition of these are devoted his strongest affections and liveliest desires. His hopes and fears are confined to this narrow vale of the world; eternity is completely hid from him. "Who will shew me any good" is his continual cry. The desires of a man purified by the spirit of God flow in a different channel. His affections are directed to holy objects; he is in love with the beauty of holiness. He loves God because He is the fountain of purity, and his word, because it is the embodiment of his holy will; delights in the paths of holiness, because they are morally fair; and hates sin because of its native odiousness. His hopes are not limited to the things of this world, they stretch themselves to eternity—to the joys of paradise—the companionships of the just—to the fellowship of the Lamb with the Spirit, and to the vision of the holy God. Whereas the scriptures represent the imaginations of the wicked to be evil continually, the thoughts of the pure in spirit are holy. High and pure are the musings of the man sanctified by the Spirit of God. Elevated above sensible things his thoughts wander about Eternity—the vales of heaven—the river of life and the throne of the Holy One of Israel. Directing the eye of his purified heart to the Father of lights, he is ever ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee ;

thou art the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." This is that man who, in the language of the text, shall see God; this is that heart whose lustration is performed by the almighty Spirit of Holiness, and without which, agreeably to the language of the Apostle, it is impossible to see the Lord,

II. The man whose character has been thus feebly drawn the Saviour pronounces to be blessed. And how can he be otherwise than happy? The purgation of his mind from all impure desires and sinful tastes is itself no mean ingredient of genuine blessedness. The play of the sanctified affections infuses into his soul the oil of gladness and the new wine of delight. Virtue is its own reward. Could it be conceived that in the economy of a capricious Ruler of the universe holiness in this life was not followed by happiness in the next, the rewards of an approving conscience and the native delights of a purified heart would be an ample compensation. The essence of heaven consists in holiness. Whatever may be said of the matchless splendour of the physical aspect of the heavenly Jerusalem, and of the exquisiteness of its intellectual gratifications, it cannot be denied that holiness forms the main part of the cup of felicity of the inhabitants of that bright abode. And the man, therefore, who carries in his bosom a purified heart enjoys a heaven upon earth.

But besides the inherent blessedness of purity of heart now alluded to, in the text a particular promise is attached to it, that promise is the vision of God. "Blessed are the pure in heart, *for they shall see God.*"

In oriental countries kings are generally inaccessible to their subjects. Hence the sight of the king's face is reckoned a great privilege; and distinguished courtiers by way of eminence are called "those that see the king's face." Agreeably to this eastern custom, the beholding of the face of God—the King of kings and Lord of lords, in all the splendour of his majesty, is represented in the Scriptures as the highest felicity to which a creature can attain; of the glorified saints

in heaven it is recorded that "they shall see his face." But how is it possible to get a sight of the Divinity? Hath not the Scripture said that God dwells in unapproachable light, and that no man hath seen nor can see him? And hath not Jehovah himself declared to Moses "Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live."

A proper examination of these apparently contradictory sentiments will lead an unprejudiced enquirer to the conclusion that the impossibility of seeing God is confined to this present life, but does not extend to the life to come. The believer on earth is not favoured with a direct perception of the surpassing glory of God, the faint glimmering of its reflection is all that is vouchsafed to him. But in the eternal world the full blaze of the Divinity shall be discovered to him. In this life the believer walks by faith, not by *sight*. But what is the nature of the vision promised to the pure in heart? Will the vision be of an inward or of an outward character? Will there be to the eye of the glorified body a sensible representation of the Divine essence? or will there be only an internal perception by the eye of the heart of the lustre of God's perfections?

That the purified eye of the transformed believer will be regaled with some visible representation is undoubted. The unspeakable glory of heaven to the entranced eyes of the saints in the realms of bliss was adumbrated to the church on the top of mount Sinai, about the tabernacle in the wilderness, in the Shekinah of the temple, and on the mount of transfiguration. But this perception of a sensible glory does not seem to constitute what is usually termed beatific vision. The apostle says "we walk by *faith*, not by *sight*:" faith is confined to this world, in the coming eternity it shall ripen into sight. In the estimation, therefore, of the apostle, sight—whatever its nature may be, as much transcends faith as the coming life does the present. Hence it would follow on the supposition of the *outward* nature of vision, that faith,

which is an intellectual principle, would be sublimated into a sensible ocular gratification !

But waiving this doubtful speculation, it seems to us that the passages of Scripture which allude to this high subject are more favourable to an *inward* than an outward vision. The vision of God is represented as the ground of our complete assimilation to his image. [in Psalm xvii. 18, 2 Cor. iii. 18, 1 John iii. 2.] It is also made synonymous with knowledge, [in 1 Cor. viii. 12, where "seeing" and "knowing" are convertible terms, and refer to the same thing.] But our text itself affords a decisive argument for the spiritual and inward character of the vision. At the outset we adverted to the admirable fitness which obtains between the beatitudes and the promises attached to them ; to poverty of spirit is promised a heavenly kingdom ; to meekness, lordship ; to the hungry, plenty. This exquisite harmony of the beatitudes would be sadly disconcerted were we to suppose that the pure in *heart* should be rewarded with a sensible gratification of the outward eye of the *body*.

In what then does the vision of God consist ? It consists in the rapt contemplation of the infinite perfections of God—in beholding with the uncovered eye of the soul the conspicuous lustre of his glorious nature and attributes, and in the unclouded perception of that resplendent holiness which is but dimly reflected here below in the renovated hearts of his people. We now see as through a glass ; all our present knowledge of God is dark glimmering compared to the noon-day blaze of instinctive perception granted to the saints in glory. Our present knowledge is relative to the limited capacities of our nature, and the necessity of our condition ; it is however, adequate to the purposes of our being. What will be the nature of the knowledge the saints shall possess in heaven, it were presumptuous to conjecture, especially when the inspired apostle says, "it does not appear what we shall be." But thus much may be said that, though the essence of the Divine

nature must for ever remain inscrutable to the most exalted saints, yet a nearer view will be obtained of his glorious attributes. In this world the believer is ravished with the manifestations of the Divine mercy, justice and holiness ; what ecstasies of wonder, admiration and joy shall he not feel when he is favoured with an immediate view of Jehovah's perfections, and if we may so express ourselves, with the policy of his righteous administration.

One effect of this open vision of God will be the perfect assimilation of the saint into his holy nature. The process of assimilation has, no doubt, its commencement upon earth ; and in this sense the promise in the text receives a partial accomplishment even in this world ; but its complete fulfilment will take place in heaven. As when Moses on the secret top of Sinai, by continually looking on the surpassing glory of Jehovah manifested on the mount, had his face brightened with a few scattered rays of that divine lustre so the saint in the heavenly abodes gazing with the open eye of his purified soul into the orb of holiness shall at last reflect the Divine similitude. While beholding the ineffable radiance of God's holiness the saint will *look himself into his likeness*. "As for me," saith the Psalmist, "I shall behold thy face in righteousness ; I shall be satisfied when I wake with thy likeness."

THE BENGALI MONTHLIES.

We have received the first number of the *Banga-Bandhu*, a monthly Magazine conducted by some Bengali Christian gentlemen. The Editor in his opening address states the object of the periodical to be to advocate all measures calculated to promote the political, social, moral and spiritual welfare of the people in general and of Bengali Christians, in particular. It is superfluous to remark that the object is worthy of all praise, and we hope that the conductors of the Magazine will

be enabled in some measure to accomplish it. It should seem from the tone of some of the articles that it is intended to be an organ of Native Christians connected with the Church of England. It is a pity that it should be so. The Native Christian community of Bengal requires a Bengali Magazine conducted on thoroughly catholic principles and not on narrow sectarian principles. But, however we may regret this, we cannot in fairness quarrel with any body of men for starting a periodical with a view to give publicity to their opinions. We trust, however, that the conductors of this journal will not show any feelings of bitterness towards their fellow-Christians of other denominations. In the opening article the Editor says:—"We are not owners of a nectar-dropping pen; but we make bold to say that our sole determination is to promote charity and good-will." If this spirit animates the conductors of this new literary venture, we shall welcome it as a valuable accession to vernacular Christian literature. We are afraid the very first number of this magazine does not give us much hope that this charitable spirit will be maintained. The last paragraph of the last page contains a sarcasm directed against some Native Christians. It is as follows:—"Amongst Presbyterians and other sects in Britain and America it is much discussed whether singing in churches should be accompanied with musical instruments or not. A few are in favour of instrumental music; but the majority are opposed to it. But it should seem that their spiritual children in Bengal have in a manner settled the question, as they make use of the *mridanga* and the *karatal*!" This, at any rate, has not the ring of the true metal. This is not the tone of charity and good will. We ourselves are not advocates of the *mridanga* and the *karatal*. We have written on the subject seriously and earnestly. The cynical sneer of the "Friend of Bengal" certainly does not promote good-will and charity. We hope and trust that the conductors of *Bunga Bundhu* will in future avoid all remarks calculated to

give offence to their Christian countrymen. In other respects the Magazine bids fair to be well conducted. It contains a large number of short articles on a variety of subjects, all of which are well-written.

The *Prabaha* of the month of Aswin contains as usual a variety of interesting articles. Baboo Hari Mohun Mukerjee begins a series of papers on Indian Princes. A parody of the well known poem on the death of Sir John Moore, beginning with the lines——

“ Not a drum was heard,

Not a funeral note,”

is exceedingly well done by Babu Girish Chandra Ghosh. The “ Letters of Jaya Chand ” do not grow dull. We would advise the writer, who is unquestionably clever, to avoid all coarseness. As good wine needs no bush, so true humour does not require ribaldry to set off its charms.

The *Banga Darsana* continues to maintain its high reputation. The story entitled “ Kanchanmala ” is continued, the interest of the narrative of the pseudo-Pratap Chand becomes more and more interesting, while the article on the “ Cuckoo ” is delightful.

Amongst other articles the *Hindu Darsana* contains a paper on “ Ceylon in olden times,” a continuation of the series of articles on the Hill tribes of Assam, and of the story entitled *Pramodkumara*.

The *Kalpadruma* of this month is scientific in addition to being learned. Besides the exposition of the Institutes of Manu and of the Sutras of Kapila which are being continued, we have an article on the “ Figure of the Earth,” and another on the “ Circulation of Blood in the Human body.” The comical element of the Magazine is furnished by the writer of the series of articles entitled “ The advent of gods upon earth.”

The *Adarini* continues the story of Bijaya Sinha as well as the Life of the Poet Makundaram Chakravarti. It contains also the poem written by Baboo Hem Chandra Banerjea on the Hon'ble Mr. R. C. Mitter being appointed Acting Chief Justice of the High Court.

The *Khristiya Mahila* presents us among other things with a translation by Mrs Ghose of Miss G. Kennedy's narrative of Anna Ross, and a thoughtful paper on "Night" by Mrs. Halidar.

We have received two numbers of the *Chittaranjani*, an illustrated Magazine, which is to appear once in two months. The illustrations are not very good.

Since writing the above we have received the Kartik number of the *Prabaha* and the extra Durga Puja number. While admitting the ability of some of the writers of that Magazine, we must raise our protest against the mischievous use they are making of that ability. The "Letters of the late Edward Harbinger," of which number one is before us, are simply disgraceful. The Indian Civil Service is one of the most upright and honourable body of men in the world; and yet this writer does his best, by misrepresentation and by misstatements, to hold them up to the ridicule and detestation of his countrymen. But this is not all. The writer is disgustingly fond of filthy matter and delights in impure imagery: his moral perceptions are evidently none of the purest. We would strongly advise the Editor no more to pollute his pages with the prurient effusions of the late Edward Harbinger of the Civil Service. He is long ago dead and buried; there is no use now of unearthing his stinking remains, and exposing them to the public. The Durga Puja number, amongst other things, contains a letter from the wife of a Brahmo to a lady friend, in which she complains of her sad lot in being yoked to a man who, though a Brahmo and a temperance orator, is a drunken beast.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Barat's Pronouncing, Etymological and Pictorial Dictionary of the English and the Bengali language. Published by Trailakya Nath Barat. Calcutta : Barat Press. 1882.

Babu Trailakshya Nath Barat is publishing in parts a very elaborate and useful dictionary. There are three columns on every page ; the first two columns contain the English dictionary, and the third column contains the Bengali dictionary. In the English dictionary the meanings of English words are given in English ; then the etymology is given ; and last of all the substance of the English meaning is given in Bengali. In the Bengali dictionary, which occupies the third column, in the first place the root of every word is given, then the meaning in Bengali, and last of all the meaning in English. The Bengali part is also illustrated. The dictionary is being published, as we have already said, in parts, each part containing 32 pages of quarto size. Twenty eight parts have been already issued, in which the English dictionary has been brought down to the word "Honey-buzzard," and the Bengali to the word "তৈল" The price of each part is only 6 annas, and of 12 parts, that is for one year, Rs. 4. The dictionary is expected to be completed in 80 parts, and the total price is estimated at Rs. 30. After examining the 28 parts which have been already issued we must own that the work is being done well. The meanings in both the English and Bengali dictionaries are very full and accurate. The English dictionary contains nearly the whole of Webster *plus* the explanations in Bengali. Altogether it is a gigantic work, and a work which bids fair to be well done. We admire Babu Trailakshya Nath Barat's enterprising spirit in commencing such a great work ; and we earnestly hope the public will give him the support he so richly deserves.

Grammatical Tables and Model Parsing, for the use of Native students. By Kali Prasad Sanyala, 4th Master, Government High school, Allahabad. Allahabad : Nur-ul-absar Press, 1882.

English Parsing is the *bete noir* of most Indian boys : they ought therefore to be thankful to Babu Kali Prasad Sanyala, who has had much experience as a teacher, for setting before them excellent models of parsing. We recommend the book to students of all English schools throughout the country.

Uddipana Kavya. By Ananda Chandra Mitra. Calcutta : Sadharan Brahma Samaj Press. Sakabda 1804.

These two little books are written by a gentleman two of whose works we noticed in these pages some years ago. He is evidently a writer of considerable power. The first of the two above-mentioned books, which is a poem intended for the stage, has a great deal of poetical merit ; and the second is a poetical primer intended to be used in vernacular schools. The poetry is easy, and the subjects are well suited to boys and girls.

Vasantakumarer Patra. By Natendra Nath Tagore. Calcutta : Bengal Press. 1882.

This is a story unfolded in a series of letters. The story is well told ; and the style is copious, flowing and simple.

Aryan Melodies. By Dwijendra Lal Raya. Calcutta : Metropolitan Press. 1882.

These *gathas* or songs are, in our opinion, of great merit. They are exceedingly melodious, and have justly been called melodies. The writer has evidently a fine ear for music, and must be a good musician and a poet at the same time.

Dharmatawa. By Hara Chandra Datta. Calcutta : Stanhope Press B. E. 1289.

This is a small religious book written by the well-known Mr. H. C. Dutt for the benefit of his non-Christian countrymen. Both the matter and the manner are good. We commend it to the earnest perusal of our countrymen.



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AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH-BED OF A PRO-
FESSED PARSI CONVERT.*

THE author of the following lines had no intention what-
ever of composing this short memoir of him who is its sub-
ject: but, upon being requested by several friends to do so,
for the future encouragement of many, he sees no reason why
he should not gratify the friendly request.

Hormazdji, the son of Jamsetji, was an inhabitant of Surat,
and was born in the year of our Lord 1793, or thereabouts.
With the exception of the last seven months, his whole life
was nothing but a catalogue of ignorance, superstition, and
wickedness;—so much so, that even within the said seven
months he could not resist showing, every now and then,
some tincture of these dark dyes. To mention only one of
his wickednesses, and that too, one which he himself with
true and marked penitence related:—he lived the life of an
adulterer for years, and adulterer, notwithstanding he had a
wife of his own. “But after all,” to say it in his own words,
so far as memory can retain them, “the woman to whom I was

* This deeply interesting narrative was written thirty-eight years ago by
one who was then a young Parsi convert, but who is now an aged and honored
minister of the Gospel.—Ed. B. M.

attached, became a mother ; and when brought to bed, died ! Is this a little or a slight wickedness,—a wickedness that, accompanied with others, wrought the ruin of a never-dying soul ? Let the reader himself judge.

But in the kind providence of God, he was led to “flee from the wrath to come” and to seek shelter under the wings of mercy. It appears that God, too, in wrath remembered mercy on him. While the Parsis in general keep themselves aloof from us whom they nickname *the Padres*, he, on the very day that I arrived here from Poona, (which was the 30th of November last,) came to me, and applied for Christian instruction under me, which of course I readily granted him, and, according to my convenience, continued to do so. While he could easily get some employment or other in a Parsi family for more than six rupees a month (which the Parsis know right well, and would admit at once), he applied for, and with much difficulty and long perseverance obtained, an employment with Narayan Sheshadri and myself for not more than the said sum. And, though afterwards several offers of larger salaries were made to him by some of his brethren according to the flesh, he continued, as he commenced, with us faithfully and firmly as a rock. When curiosity made several in our mission compound ask him—‘why he followed such a course as this,’—his reply was only one, and, for a good many reasons I believe, a faithful one. It was somewhat to the following effect. I have all my lifetime led a very* sinful wretched life : but now I am sorely afflicted. I therefore desire to become holy and happy. But the Parsi religion, I see, can make me neither the one nor the other. And as I have heard that the Christian religion can do both, I am anxious to know, and if suitable, desirous to follow it.’ Could all this have happened without any design and in vain ?

But up to a very late period, *i. e.* a few days before his death, although he got a good deal of Scripture knowledge

* Upon enquiry it was found out, that the affliction consisted of mental agonies on account of the death of the woman above alluded to.

in his head, his heart to all appearance, was not yet touched; for, while accompanying my brother Narayan Sheshadri and myself in a tour that we took in April and May last, he became to us a burden grievous to be borne, and to those who heard us preach the gospel a stumbling block in the way,—when, on the one hand, he declared himself to be one of our number—a Christian,—and, on the other, lived as he listed. Yet the said tour was very much blessed to him; for towards the end of it, he saw, in us both, the truth as it is in Jesus,—he admired the Christian scheme of propagating Christianity,—and he was greatly humbled by a storm we met with, while we sailed back to Bombay. Ever after that, he seemed *almost a Christian*; and, during the last three days of his illness, (for his illness, and the consequent cramps and cholera wherewith he was attacked, continued for about four days,) he was,—as far as his words, his manners, and tones of his voice, the gesture of his body, and, in fact, his whole frame, were concerned,—*altogether such a one*.

His last words were few, but full of pious feeling. He became a man of simple, but not on that account ungenueine, faith. Mr. Nesbit, Narayan, and myself, were often near his death-bed; and many were the prayers which we there offered, both with him, and for him. Each and all of us administered to his temporal and spiritual comfort—especially the latter. Every now and then we spoke both to and with him, on themes divine; and the following are the only few conversational sentences I can now remember.

The first day of his illness, *viz.* the 17th of June last, he spoke to us nothing about his health; and, of his own accord, he took some medicine. But on the morning of the 18th, his bowels being so very much relaxed as rendered, him in one or two hours exceedingly weak, he said to me—“now Hormazdji Sett,* I anticipate that my death is very near; so pardon all my faults, and all that I have unwisely spoken

* Equivalent to Mr.

to you." His words came upon me as a thunderbolt, and my answer to him was—"Since your death is so near, you should, above all, ask *God* to pardon and receive you through Jesus Christ." He, staring at me kept quiet for a while; he then prayed with a low and penitential voice which I could scarcely hear; and when he had ended praying, he burst out into tears. During the greater part of the day, I sat near, spoke to, and prayed with,—him. Towards the evening of the same day,—when death was not only felt by him, but seen by us, to be fast drawing nigh,—he was brought into a more comfortable room. Immediately after, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit came in, both of whom spoke to him a little, and asked me to pray in Guzarati, so that he might understand the prayer. After this, they both, Narayan and I went apart to pray; and a very suitable and impressive prayer was offered by Mr. Nesbit on the occasion. The whole of the night, Narayan, two of our servants, and myself, waited on him. Whenever the medicine was given him, "the bread of life" also was presented to his mind. The medicine seemed to have made him a little better, on the morning of the 19th; so that he could listen, every now and then, to my reading and expounding some suitable portions of the word of God, and to my prayer over what was read and explained. At about eleven in the forenoon, a question which gave rise to a long conversation, was put to him by myself—"How do you feel now?" "Much better in body," said he, "but"—(here he stuck and looked very sad.) "Why?" said I,—“are you not *happy*?” “Is not your mind *at peace*?” “No!” “And what is the reason?” “Because I know not the way.” “Way to what?” He pointed upwards,—meaning to heaven. I then said, “Have you again allowed Satan to get hold of you? Did I not say that Jesus Christ himself is the true and lifegiving way?” “Yes; but” “But what?” “My sins”—(here he stretched out his arms,—inasmuch as to say—my sins are great and numerous.) “Though your sins be as scarlet,” says God “they shall be as

white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' God is able and willing to pardon *all* your sins, and to receive you to himself through Jesus Christ. Remember the thief on the cross,* about whom I have so often told you. "Then, I believe." "Yes ; a certain one who was in distress said to Jesus—'Lord, I believe ; help thou, mine unbelief.' 'This must be your petition now.'" We then began to pray. "In the middle of the prayer he said,—*"Three angels are coming to take me ;—no, four ;—no, five ;—six !"* He said *all* this as if he was counting more and more of these ministering spirits whose office it is "to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation." Now he seemed calm and joyful. Many of the female converts and their friends, therefore, were allowed to come and see him ; and I took the opportunity of addressing them,—not forgetting, at the same time "to speak a word in season," to him who was thus "weary and heavy laden." After this, he appeared to be sleepy ; so I too went to take a sleep,—leaving with him two servants. Scarcely an hour elapsed, before he sent one of the servants to say that he wanted to speak to me. When I went to him, he could not speak. After shampooing and warming him a little, however, he could. He said "Death is fast working in me." I said, "Christ will give thee life." He responded, "Yes, my whole confidence is in *Him* now. As a child is to a father, so am I to him now. All that he does is meant for my good." After a long pause, he said, "You have done me much favour ; for which, may God bless you ! Will you do me one favour more ? I asked, "What is it ?" As my death is drawing so nigh, will you get me washed now ?" "Why ? that can't cleanse your *soul*.† Ask God rather, to cleanse it by the blood,—the sufferings,—of Christ, and by his Holy Spirit." "No, my father,‡ I did not, mean it for my soul ;

* This I said, as well in reference to his not having received the baptism of water, as to his guilt.

† I said this, because many of us had found him to be very superstitious before.

‡ A term of respect. See II Kings V 13

it is only to wash the perspiration away." "Why this, if nothing else, would be quite enough to kill you. However, we shall see, by and bye, what the Doctor will say to this. But don't you be afraid that your body will be so dirty at the resurrection, if it be not washed now. No; It is sown in, corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." "Yes," said he, "I can believe all this." I now particularly asked him, in the presence of a convert and two or three servants, (for I had previously done so, when almost nobody was present,) "Shall we get you buried in the Christian burying ground, or laid in the Parsi sepulchre? What is your wish in regard to this?" "What I said before" replied he, "is what I say now. Get me buried." "But you must recollect that your body being buried in the Christian burying ground, is no assurance of your getting into heaven. Christ alone can be your security. Nothing and none but Christ can save you. Have you then got a thorough hold of *Him the substance*, rather than "the washing," and such other things which are but *shadows*?" "O, you don't know my heart now. It is not the same that you used to find so many faults with. No, I have no trust in such husks now; Jesus Christ is to me all that I need. Jesus! My father! I am *very* sinful; but thou canst make me clean. My firm belief is in *thee* now; and my hatred of sin is known to thee."

I now contrasted, to a considerable length, the Parsi death-bed with the Christian one. The contrast seemed to be felt very deeply by him; for his responses on the occasion were very pathetic. After a little while I asked him, "Have you any word for your wife and child?" "I have committed them into the hand of God. God will take care of them. But tell them what you have told me, to believe in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. Tell them that if they wish to see me, and be happy with me, in heaven, they must leave

off their sinful habits, and become true Christians. At first they will think it all madness; but tell them as you told me." At about four o'clock in the evening Mr. Nesbit came to see him; and asked him if his mind was at *peace*, and several such questions;—to which he replied in the following manner. "Jesus Christ has given me peace. He is my Father and my Saviour. He died for my sins, I believe in him." He expressed at the same time, his belief in the doctrine of the Trinity. At six, he got much worse; and the doctor was sent for. The doctor now declared his case to be utterly hopeless. The medicine, however, was not yet discontinued. Mr. Nesbit, after his lecture was over, (for it was a Wednesday evening,) came again and again to see him, and to speak to him. During the whole night, Narayan, some servants and myself, waited on him by rotation. On this occasion he said to Narayan, "Narayanji, pardon all my faults." He also expressed his gratitude to him for all that he had done for him. On a similar occasion he said to me, "Believe me, Hormazdji Sett, I feel to you heartfelt gratitude for all that you have done for me." And what he said, he often practically showed; for, whenever he could not well spit out, and consequently a bason was presented by me, near his mouth, he refused, and said, "It is unbecoming in me to treat you thus, &c., &c., From the morning of the 20th, the day of his death he became speechless. He very often made efforts to speak; but failure after failure was the consequence. He was now frequently told to pray, and commit his soul to the care and keeping of the Saviour; but no response was made, except a slight shake of his head, or a glance of his eyes. "Look to Jesus," "Look to Jesus!" "He alone can give you peace and safety!" were the expressions I, every now and then, whispered into his ear. Prayers on his behalf were not wanting from every child of God near his deathbed. These prayers, be it known, availed much, for once more we had the satisfaction that he was still holding

on,—when, on being told Christ had come to receive him, he raised up his arms from both the sides and clasped his hands together, as if he was going to embrace the gracious Comer. He now became deaf as well as dumb; and we spoke to him no more. The medicine was now stopped. And, after a few hours' struggle, at about one in the afternoon, he breathed his last. And at six in the evening of the same day, after the funeral services were performed by Mr. Nesbit, he was buried, as he desired in the Scotch Burying Ground.

HORMAZDJI PESTONJI.

SONNET.

"It is the same—together or apart."—Byron.

She has not ceas'd to love,—full well I know;
 Then wherefore, O my Heart, thy life-long wail?
 Wherefore this whiten'd head,—these cheeks grown pale
 Why not put by thy sombre garb of woe?
 Why should these eyes in anguish overflow?
 And pallid Doubt thy citadel assail?
 Hope on, sad Heart,—let not thy courage fail,
 My Darling is—what she was years ago.
 She has not changed, tho' others think her changed,
 For I can judge her feelings by my own;
 And when at night I sit and muse alone,
 She, whom men think from me for aye estranged,
 Comes smiling to me with her queenly grace,
 While kneeling at her feet I gaze on her dear face.

O. C. D.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

XX.—THE BLOODY FESTIVAL.

The Usthom Doorga Poojah was being celebrated with great *clat* in the house of Surubjeet, an inhabitant of Tehra, in the district of Bhaugulpore, and a large party of guests had assembled to do honour to the festival. Among these was a young man who sat apart from the rest in a ruminating mood, his right hand supporting his head, while his left rested on the hilt of his sword, which was placed between his knees. He was the only armed man in the assembly, and necessarily drew more attention than the rest.

"Who is that young man with the sword?" asked Surubjeet of one of his guests, "and why does he come armed on such a festive occasion?"

"He is a personal friend of mine," answered Dureao Sing, the guest appealed to, "and has come hither with me. His name is Dirghopal Sing. Young men are so fond of their swords that it did not occur to me to ask him to leave it behind."

"Oh! it does not matter. He is welcome, sword and all, since he has come with you"; and then turning towards the youth the host welcomed him heartily, and invited him to come and sit more among the rest. Dirghopal acknowledged the invitation with a nod, but did not otherwise respond to it.

The offerings to the goddess were costly and gorgeous, and were remarked upon by the guests.

"In Lower Bengal they sacrifice animals in large numbers to the deity," said one of them; "but surely our form of worship is both more seemly and reverent."

"How more reverent?" asked Dirghopal. "The Shastras say explicitly that Devi delights in blood: how can it be more reverent then to deny her what she delights in?"

Surubjeet looked perplexed, and knew not what to answer, being unwilling to offend the last speaker, though he did not like his commentary. He therefore said with a smile: "The gods want a sacrifice of the heart more than the sacrifice of animals, and, if we are sincere in our devotions to them, they cannot be displeased with us because of our inability to make bloody offerings to them."

Saying this, and with a view to put a stop to the discussion, Surubjeet arose from his seat and proceeded towards the place of worship, upon which Dirghopal Sing suddenly got up, and drawing his sword rushed after his host and struck him across the side of the head, slicing the left ear and the flesh of the left cheek, so that they hung down on his neck.

The whole house was startled, if not frightened, and the smiling countenances of the guests fell. Surubjeet ran out of the compound towards the village well, and was there joined by many of his friends. The ruffian in the meantime went on assaulting others. The blood that trickled down his blade seemed to excite him to still greater violence. He first attacked one Gopal, who was wounded severely on the back; then struck down successively two persons named Chummun and Byjoo, both of whom were slain; and finally wounded one, Salem, who, with Gopal, succeeded in running out towards the well.

"He has escaped from the house. There was no one able to stop him."

"He has made a mistake then. If he shows himself in the streets the mob will tear the monster to pieces."

"Will they? Here I am, gentlemen," bawled out Dirghopal. "Let him who feels most aggrieved by what I have done attack me if he dares."

There was a fierce tumult now in the street, which was terminated by the hardihood of two *Chassas*, or husbandmen, who attacked Dirghopal with clubs, broke his sword into

pieces and disarmed him, and then binding him down handed him over to the Police.

The prisoner's confession at the thannah was that the idea of killing some one occurred to him on the sacrifice of animals to Doorga in Bengal being alluded to, and he killed and wounded whomsoever he met with, without bearing particular antipathy against any one. This story was subsequently varied before the Magistrate.

"I was accosted in the streets of Tehra by some of the villagers, who asked me if I would do a job for them for hire. 'What job?' I asked. 'We have resolved,' they said, 'to offer a human sacrifice to Doorga, who has received no blood-offering from us for many years. If you will slay a victim or two you will be handsomely rewarded.' 'Slay men for a reward!' said I. 'No, I shall certainly not do that;' upon which the villagers attacked me with *lattees* and swords, and I was obliged to draw out my weapon in self defence, and used it."

The evidence against the prisoner was overwhelming, and he was convicted; but the motive for his crime was not understood. At first it was suspected that he was insane; but a medical examination could detect in him no trace of mental infirmity. The only motive that could be assumed was therefore that to which he had referred, namely, the wish to offer up human sacrifices to the deity. The Sessions Judge suggested that he should be capitally punished; but the final court, having still some mis-givings as to the state of his mind at the time when the crime was committed, sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

XXI.—THE TWO WIVES.

"You have deprived me of a fond illusion," said Dookhee to her husband, Amanee, when he told her that he was going to bring back his first wife to his house. "When I agreed

to marry you I understood that you would never allow that woman to come hither again."

"I never said so either to you or to any body else," replied Amanee. "My first wife is as dear to me as you are, and there is no reason why she should not return to her husband's house."

Shaik Amanee was an inhabitant of Mymensing. The name of his first wife was Kalijah. She had always been a good wife to him; but her temper was an indifferent one, and her controversies with her husband were necessarily frequent. She was expelled the house after one of these differences; and Amanee in a huff at once took a second wife. But he afterwards bitterly repented having done so, as it only complicated his position still further. Kalijah bore an excellent character, and Amanee really loved her for it; and he finally made up his mind to go down to her father's house to bring her back, together with her son. He did not like his second wife the less, but he refused to be dictated to by her in respect to the regulation of his conduct.

"I shall love both of you well," he said, "but I wont be unjust to one to please the other."

Kalijah brought back to the house of course resumed her former position. She was the first wife, and as such was entire mistress of the house; and Dookhee was unable to endure this. Dookhee again was both handsome and supercilious, and Kalijah could not love her much on either account: and as neither cared to dissemble her aversion for the other, the collisions between the two wives were constant.

Amanee lived in the same house with two of his brothers, and as their wives—his sisters-in-law—were well-attached to Kalijah, they frequently recommended to Dookhee to be a dutiful sister to her.

"You mean I should submit to my fate," petulantly answered Dookhee to such recommendations.

“Yes, precisely so; and if you do it with a good grace you will find Kalijah to be your best friend,”

But Dookhee was unable to follow the advice, the more so as she failed to convince Amanee that she had any real grievance to complain of; and she therefore resolved on leaving the house the first time she found a decent pretext for doing so. But who can forecast the course of events? If she had left the house at once the tragedy in which she figured soon after would perhaps never have been enacted.

* * * * *

“Here is your share of the rice,” said Kalijah to Dookhee, “since you wish to cook your meals apart,” and she measured out two *pows* of rice to the younger wife, reserving the rest to herself.

“But why do you give me such a small quantity of it when you keep so much more for your own use?”

“I have not kept a larger quantity for myself, hussy. I have given two *pows* to thee, and that is as much as any woman can consume, and I have kept six *pows*, being three *pows* for the master, two *pows* for myself, and one *pow* for my son.”

“Why dost thou abuse me, vixen? Is it not enough that I am kept on half rations? Must I also endure your evil words? But thou shalt soon know me better than at present. I shall requite every abuse I have received before I have done with thee.”

Kalijah trembled with rage on hearing Dookhee threaten her, but her very temper prevented her from replying, and, as Dookhee left her presence immediately after, she succeeded in quieting her mind by attending to her household duties, muttering curses to herself. The other women of the family were also busily at work; one was drawing water from a well, another was sweeping the cowhouse.*

Dookhee had retired from the presence of Kalijah, but had come to a determination. She had only gone off to fetch arms for her purpose; and a short time after the sisters-in-law

of Amanee heard a scream from Kalijah's room, and hastening thither saw that she had been felled to the ground, while Dookhee was sitting on her body with a bloody axe in her hand, and a *dao*, also besmeared with blood, was lying on the ground. They asked Dookhee what she had done, and she told them that she had killed Kalijah, and would kill them also if they approached her. The women then called out for the assistance of their neighbours, and several of these coming in began to question Dookhee, who gave them sharp replies, saying that she would answer for what she had done to the proper authorities only.

When brought before the authorities Dookhee denounced the sisters-in-law as the perpetrators of the murder; but there was no suspicion whatever against them, while the circumstantial evidence against Dookhee was ample and complete. She was accordingly convicted and capitally punished.

XXII.—THE ROBBER AND THE ROBBED PUNISHED TOGETHER.

"What is earthly wealth to we?" said Ramdhone. "I, who am near my journey's end, why should I displease the gods by bringing a Brahman into trouble? No; perish the ingots. I do not want them. Let the Brahman only go free."

"But I have made him over to the police already, Sir," said Dhurum Das. "How is he to be rescued now?"

There was something so dreadful to old Ramdhone in this announcement that he was staggered by it. He felt as if he were the culprit and not the man sinned against; and he hurried out of his house as one gone mad, still hoping to be able to liberate the offender from the difficulty he was in.

"What is the matter?" asked the other members of the family of each other. "Has *Korta-mohasoy* gone crazed?"

Briefly explained the matter was as follows: Ramdhone Kurmoker, an inhabitant of Batsale in Zillah 24 Pergunnahs,

was a dealer in gold, and owned a shop in the Burra Bazar of Calcutta. His servant Dhuram Das was proceeding from this shop to his master's house, carrying with him three ingots of gold belonging to his master, when he was stopped on the road, at a distance of about a mile from Ramdhone's house, by two men, one of whom held him forcibly while the other robbed him of the ingots. He bawled out loudly for assistance, and, running after the robbers on being set free, succeeded in catching hold of one of them, from whom one ingot was recovered; and, as a chowkeydar was passing by at the time, he made over this man to the Police. The person thus placed in arrest was a Brahman named Petumber, who had at one time been in Ramdhone's service, but had subsequently left it of his own accord, being averse to work. Why not live upon the road if that pays better?

Bitterly did Ramdhone condemn himself for all that had occurred. Why was the poor Brahman reduced to such circumstances that he was obliged to become a robber? It would not have been so if he had given him large pay and little work in his service while he was in it. But there was help yet, surely. Dhuram Das had given him in charge of a chowkeydar, and a chowkeydar is never indifferent to a bribe.

Ramdhone ran through the road in dishabille to overtake the chowkeydar, and the zealous servant of the Government was not unanxious to pocket the present of Rs. 20 that was offered to him.

"But I cant let the mangofree, you know, Baboo. He has been made over to me publicly, before a hundred spectators, and I must produce him at the thannah. All I can do for the present I have received is to make a favourable report of him, such a report in fact as must lead to his release."

The arrangement was not very satisfactory to Ramdhone, but he was obliged to agree to it, and the tumult subsided for the time on all parties consenting to support the orthodox

cause. The chowkeydar took the Brahman to the thannah, but made a very favourable report of him, as he had promised ; Dhuram Das, the man who was robbed, was not forthcoming to press the charge ; Ramdhone had no knowledge of any ingots having been in transit from his shop to his house : in short, they all conspired to make out that there was no case against the Brahman to establish.

But the Police Darogah was a trump. He was certain that something was wrong, and he put that gentle pressure on Petumber which always induces a prisoner to confess. The facts ascertained, the witnesses to support the case were not difficult to find, for the robbery had been committed in broad daylight, on a much-frequented road.

Three parties were brought to trial, namely, the Brahman who committed the robbery ; the chowkeydar who accepted a bribe to report favourably of him ; and the owner of the ingots who was so anxious to set the culprit free, and had bribed a public servant to secure that end. They were all convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, the first for nine years, the second for two years, and the third for two months, the first two with hard labour in duress.

XXIII.—THE THREE CHILDREN AT ONE BIRTH.

"Well gossip, what news? You seem to have something on your mind which you would fain let out."

"News, neighbour! Why, dont you know what has happened in Kellye Mullik's family last night?"

"No, really I dont. What is it?"

"Why, his wife has given birth to three daughters together."

"Indeed! And did it happen last night?"

"Yes; and the priests and soothsayers are already looking glam over it."

"Why, what have they to say to it?"

"Oh, they make out that the birth of three children at one birth is a very bad omen, not only for the parents, but also for the Zemindar, the Government, and the country; and you know very well that if this comes to the ear of our landlord he will make very short work with poor Kellye and his wife."

"Yes, our Zemindar is a very demon to his ryots, and Kellye has good reason to be careful and discreet; and I think we too had better not speak further on the subject."

Kellye Mullik was an inhabitant of Cuttack, a poor man who received the birth of three children at once, with the comments of the soothsayers and priests thereon, as a great calamity. His immediate neighbours were friendly to him and were not likely to harm him by blabbing; but he was afraid of the *khundait* of the village, a man named Dhunnee Mullik, who was a creature of the Zemindar, and was sure to know of the mishap and to carry tales to him. To prevent this Kellye began to give out that his wife was delivered of twins, determining at the sametime to do away with the third child. He accordingly selected the weakest of the infants, carried it out of the house in an earthen vessel to a jungle about half a mile off, and there deposited it naked among thorns that birds of prey might readily dispose of the body.

The fact of the birth, however, could not be concealed, and, though none could explain how it went there, it did reach the ears of Dhunnee Mullik, who received the information with a malicious grin. He was told soon after that the number of children was two, not three; but he refused to accept the correction without inquiry. "I shall go to the mid-wife myself, and know the whole truth;" and, as he was not a man to be trifled with, old Goorbari was obliged to confess that she had attended on Kellye Mullik's wife at the time of her delivery, and that three children were born to her.

But the neighbours still maintained with great unanimity that only two children were born, and Kellye Mullik answered every inquiry on the subject by exhibiting to the inquirer his new-born children, which in the estimation of many not only contradicted, but even over-ruled, the testimony of the midwife.

Matters were in this state when a strange discovery was announced. A chowkeydar who was passing by the jungle at noon had his attention drawn by the faint cry of an infant, and proceeding to the spot discovered a child where it lay exposed among the thorns; and, the midwife being brought by the *khundait* to examine it, recognised it as one of the three children of Kellye, at whose birth she had assisted.

The case was no longer one for the information of the Zemindar only. While Dhunnee ran with the news to his master, it was simultaneously carried to the thannah by the chowkeydar, and immediately after the father was arrested by the Police.

The cold drops stood on the brow of Kellye Mullik. What he had feared before was expulsion from the village, accompanied perhaps by a petty fine; but his apprehensions now were necessarily much greater. The last plea set up by him in desperation was this: He did not expose the infant to death, but threw it into the jungle after it had died; and Goorbari bore willing testimony to the fact that the last of the three children was born very weak, and that she never expected that it would live. But the father's statement was directly contradicted by the chowkeydar, who declared on oath that he had seen the child alive, and was in fact drawn towards it by its cries, and that it did not die till several hours after, towards the evening.

The guilt of the father being thus established he was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. Poor Kellye!

THE ANTIQUITIES OF BEERBHOOM.

(continued from page 86.)

At the close of the preparations, they marched out to the open field where the enemy kept watch for the night; they challenged the armed figures—for such they looked in the shade of night—and receiving an answer from the Goswami to the purpose that he resolved to defend the village, reported the matter to their chief. The Marhatta leader, who seems to have been an admirer of valour, wrote to the Goswami soliciting an interview as he wanted much to see a man who had the hardihood to attempt opposition to disciplined warriors. The Goswami proceeded to the camp accompanied by a few trusty followers, and saw the fearless Marhatta general on his own grounds. The results of the meeting we know not, but they were highly favorable to the little village as they left it quite unmolested. On his return from the field the holy man performed one of those miracles which have given him such celebrity through after ages. The vast mangoe tope, which still marks the site of an old fort and bears the suggestive appellation of *gar* (fort), was surrounded by the armed men of the Goswami, the Marhattas forming an outer circle round this line of rural force. The Goswami then mounted on a white charger and stood simultaneously at the four gates of the fort. The Marhatta leader beheld the wonder in mute admiration and prostrated himself before the holy man. His veneration for him rose to such a pitch that he granted him a clearance on the spot intended to save the village of Soopore from any future inroads of the *Burgees*. Another anecdote of equal importance is that of the visit of a neighbouring Zemindar, who having heard of the prowess of the holy man, came to see him. This man has been represented as profoundly learned, deeply versed in the scriptures of his own race, and singularly handsome, but withal he was lame of one leg which mortifying physical defect cast a tinge of melancholy on his disposition. But his desire to visit the

holy man was so great that he could not be dissuaded from his purpose by all the difficulties which lay in his way.

For a month he used to come every day to the Goswami with all his friends and followers, but returned quite dejected and mortified. At last he made up his mind to stay at Soopore till he was favoured with a sight of the Goswami, and to ensure privacy for the purpose dismissed all his followers. He was reputed to be a man known to God as he possessed to some extent the power of working miracles. He came on the back of a tiger and his fame spread to all the surrounding villages. One day as the Goswami was suddenly surprised by the stranger, who instantly hailed him as the Light of Heaven and saluted with deepest reverence. Anand Chand was a little moved at the pious perseverance of the man, but unwilling perhaps to hold a conference with him on the spot, had the wall moved from one end to the other to carry the Goswami to his private apartments. The Moslem was deeply mortified, but Anand Chand never hurt any one. He sent a servant to inform him that he was pleased with the pious curiosity of the Maulavi and wanted to see him that very moment.

The Maulavi overjoyed at the cheering news, repaired to the inmost chamber of the Goswami's house and beheld him reclining at ease on a pillow of deer-skin on a carpet composed of many pieces of the same material sewed together. He welcomed his guest and desired him to sit by his side with a courteous smile. When the Maulavi was seated, his obliging host ordered a servant to prepare tobacco and bring his long winding hubble-bubble. The servant did the same and in a few moments the rich odour of the famous weed diffused itself slowly and perfumed the soft air. The servant, perceiving from the costume of the newly arrived guest that he was a Mahomedan, demurred to place the holy hubble-bubble on the carpet. But the kind-hearted Goswami, to the great astonishment of the servant,

told him to place it on the bed, as he was not in favour of any distinction that was not recognized by Heaven. The hubble-bubble was accordingly placed in the middle, but no sooner did it touch the bed than a dense smoke arose from the place accompanied by a blazing fire; in a few moments the fire assumed the distinct form of a wall of solid fire which slowly dissolved itself into the air; when it was vanished the Maulavi found himself sitting on a separate bed from that of the Goswami.

Convinced of the power of the Goswami and impressed with an idea of his holiness the Maulavi returned with a glad heart and told his men what he had seen of the renowned holy man of Soopore. He desired them to respect the Goswami as he appeared to him to be of divine origin. Many—warmed by the eloquence of their preceptor bowed in token of reverence but there was one who being of a materialistic turn of mind never believed anything that was not proved to him with mathematical accuracy. He looked grave and wanted to verify the observations of their chief by trying fresh experiments, to this the Maulavi agreed, and the Moslem sceptic issued out on his errand with blood-red beef to be offered as presents to the holy man. Arrived at the end of his journey he explained to the porter the nature of his expedition; the Goswami anticipating the object of the man immediately ordered him to be sent in. The sceptic appeared and presented the Goswami with what he had brought. The pieces of beef were presented on a platter and no sooner did the holy man cast his eyes upon them than lo! the beef was no more. Large red lotuses were seen on the platter diffusing ambrosial odour all round. The Goswami took them with a gracious smile and flung them round, but like the contents of Althæa's horn they were supplied as soon as taken out, and in a few seconds the spacious court of the Goswami's House was so thickly covered with heaps of red lotuses that nothing could be seen beneath them. The Moslem sceptic was quite abashed

and not knowing what to say immediately prostrated himself, and rolled in deep veneration upon the bed of flowers.

When he recovered from his fervant extacy he saw not the holy man but the flowers were still in heaps. He took one of them and returned to the Maulavi carrying further proofs of the wonder-working power of the Goswami.

Such are some of the exploits ascribed to the memory of the fighting Goswami of Soopore, whose achievements have been drawn in charming colours by the magic pen of the Antiquary. Perchance the shade of the grave historian is frowning at us for the bold and sacrilegious attempt of ours to rob the treasures of the dead. "But come what may, we will not deprive the world of the precious ore from which a skilful artist would be able to extract pure historic gold.

G. D. G.

ON REGENERATION.

"Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures." James I. 18.

The two great objects contemplated in our most holy faith are the restoration of man to the favour of God, and the renovation of his nature. The former is a change of man's relation to the author of his being, and the latter is an alteration of his character. The former consists in the pardon of sin, acquittal at the bar of heaven, and the obtaining of a title to the heavenly inheritance, the latter consists in the new-modelling of his nature. To the happiness of man the latter is as indispensable as the former. The possession of suitable qualifications for enjoying the heavenly inheritance is as important as the procurement of its title-deed. This renovation of the fallen nature of men is represented in Scripture by various figures. It is represented as a transla-

tion from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light ; as a putting off of the old man and a putting on of the new man ; as a new creation ; and as a new birth. The doctrine of regeneration is one of the cardinal doctrines of our holy faith. It cannot form too often the subject of our earnest and devout meditations ; and I cannot but think that it is a subject particularly suitable for meditation in the evening of a communion sabbath, since our title to a seat at the Lord's table is grounded on the belief that we are genuine disciples of the Lord, that we have passed from death unto life, or in other words, that we have been born again.

In the words of my text the apostle James acquaints us in the first place with the *cause* of regeneration, *viz.*, the will of God ; *secondly*, with its *instrument*, namely, the word of truth ; and *thirdly* with its *end*, *viz.* that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures.

I shall draw your attention briefly to these three points.

I. "Of his own will begat he us," or as it is in the Revised Version, "Of his own will he brought us forth." The efficient cause then of our regeneration is the will of God. "It is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. The work of changing the hearts of the children of men, of giving to them a holy bias, of sanctifying their desires, of hallowing their affections, of enlightening the understanding, of quickening the conscience, of renewing the will, is to be ascribed to the *good pleasure* of God. No righteousness in men demanded the operation of this gracious agency at the hands of God. The Almighty was not induced to produce this salutary change by the perception of their personal deserts or attractive goodness. No, brethren, it was not our meritorious performances—for such we had not ; it was not our amiability, nor our freedom from overt acts of iniquity ; it was not our daily perusal of the Word of God, nor our weekly presentation in the house of God ; it was not

even our prayers that procured the communication of divine grace. It is only to the undeserved mercy of God, to his sovereign will, to his absolute good pleasure, that our renovation is owing. "Of his own will begat he us."

II. The instrument of regeneration is the Word of God. Our Apostle calls it the word of truth ; and it is well worthy of being so called. It flows from the source of all truth. It is the expression of the will of Him who is emphatically the Way, and the Truth and the Life. It is the testimony of the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, the beginning of the creation of God. It is the word of truth, inasmuch as it is by way of excellence *The Truth*, as the Apostle Paul calls it when addressing the Galatians—"O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you that ye should not obey the Truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?" The Gospel is the Truth of God—yea, it is Truth itself. Whatever is opposed to it is a lie and an imposture, a sham and a delusion. Whatever is different from it is worthy of rejection as deviating from the infallible declarations of Eternal Truth. This word of God, true and unerring, sure and steadfast, living and abiding for ever, is the instrument ordinarily made use of by the Spirit of God for the renovation of the faithful. We say *ordinarily*, for the Omnipotent Spirit of God, who works when and where and how he pleases, is not restricted to the use of instrumentalities. He may work with or without means. He sometimes implants the seed of regeneration in the heart of the newborn babe without the medium of Gospel ministrations and sometimes also has he been pleased, in the sovereignty of his own will, to interpose his power miraculously, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus. These are, however, exceptions to the general rule ; for it is an established law in the kingdom of Grace that the regeneration of Christians is effected by the Spirit of God through the instrumentality of the word, or in the language the Apostle Peter, "they are born, not of corrup-

tible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever."

The manner in which the word of God produces a saving change, requires a few words of explanation. The word must be applied by the Holy Spirit to the human heart. Without this application the most attentive reading of the Scriptures, and the most eloquent enforcements of divine truth from the pulpit, are of no avail. They may please the fancy, they may convince the understanding: but the heart may be unmoved, untouched, unaffected. "Not by works of might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

The mysterious manner in which this application is made may be beyond our powers of comprehension. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

But when the word is applied by the Holy Spirit, it is made effectual to the renovation of the heart. The word enlightens the understanding by making a discovery of the glorious nature and perfections of God. It produces a conviction of sin and danger by imparting adequate views of the spirituality of the law of God and the depravity of the human heart; it shows the excellency of Christ, his willingness and ability to save, his sufficiency; and this disposes sinners to cast themselves upon him; it subdues them to Christ's will, and makes them willing in the day of his power; and it conforms them to the image of Christ—they "beholding, as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Considering the service which the word of God renders to believers, we may well join with the Psalmist in enlogizing that word, and say,—“The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlight-

ening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

III. I now come to the third and last head of my discourse which is, the *end* of regeneration; and the Apostle James declares that end to be "that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures."

In this clause allusion is made to the Jewish custom of presenting to Jehovah the first-fruits of the harvest, as a token of their thankfulness, dependance and submission. Before the harvest was gathered in, the selectest fruits were presented in the temple. The feast of the first-fruits was one of peculiar solemnity and Joy. In that season, the people from all parts of Judea repaired to the sacred city, with the first fruits of their plantations in baskets either of gold or silver or of wicker-work, according to their prosperity in life. The inhabitants of Jerusalem received them with joy, and as they ascended the holy mount on which the temple was built, each one, not excepting the king, bore his basket on his shoulder, went to the priest and said—"I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us." After the basket had been set before the altar by the priest, the person who offered the first-fruits uttered those affecting words beginning with—"A Syrian ready to perish was my father." The presentation over, the offerer worshipped God, and rejoiced in the bounty of his providence.

In the comparison which the Apostle in our text makes of renovated believers to the first-fruits of the harvest presented to God, *three* ideas seem to be implied. As the first-fruits were set apart from common use and dedicated to God, so Christians, by their regeneration, are dedicated to God and consecrated to his service. *Secondly*, as the first-fruits were reckoned the best of their kind, so those that have been born

again are esteemed by God as the choice of his creation. And *thirdly*, as the presentation of the first-fruits was an earnest of the general harvest, so the children of God begotten in Christ are an earnest of the general gathering of the elect in the realms of glory.

You will let me say one or two words on each of these three points. *In the first place*, the comparison of believers to first-fruits denotes their dedication to God and consecration to his service. Brethren, you have been bought with a price, the inestimable blood of Immanuel. You ought never to forget that you are not your own—you are the Lord's. Your bodies, your souls, your spirits, belong to the Lord. We all of us ought to give ourselves up to the Lord, and dedicate whatever we have, our time, our talents, our treasures, to his service. And this very day, as good soldiers of Christ, we have taken the *Sacramentum*, or military oath of allegiance to the great Captain of our Salvation. Let us then as men of honour, to appeal to nothing higher, be true to our oath, and fulfil our vows.

In the second place, the comparison denotes the high honour conferred on believers by God. The first-fruits presented in the temple were esteemed the best of their kind. So are Christians distinguished from the rest of God's creatures. Born of a nobler generation than that of which other men are partakers, washed in the blood of Christ, clothed in his spotless righteousness, and adorned with the graces of the spirit, they are the flower of the lower creation. They "are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people that should shew forth the praises of Him who called them out of darkness into His marvellous light." Christians may be derided as fanatics, as enthusiasts, as fools, by the noble, the mighty, and the learned of this world. Nevertheless God has clothed them with signal honours. On them has been conferred the citizenship of heaven. They have been adopted into the family of God.

It were well if Christians were habitually impressed with a sense of their distinction. It were well if they constantly remembered their rights and privileges as citizens of heaven and their dignity as the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Such an idea habitually entertained in the mind would inspire them with contempt and abhorrence of whatever is low and selfish; it would make them tread the world under their feet instead of being enslaved by it; it would give them a high moral tone, and an elevation of character of which the world would stand abashed.

But there is a *third* idea implied in the comparision of believers to first fruits. They are an earnest of something future. They are a pledge of a general harvest when the heavenly reapers will collect the golden grain from the four quarters of the earth, and lay them up in the store-houses of the celestial regions. They are a pledge of that day when the sons and daughters of God shall come from afar; when the abundance of the sea shall be converted, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come into the Church; when the nations of the earth shall fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows; and when the whole creation, which groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

I cannot but think, brethren, that the idea of this general gathering of the elect and the final accomplishment of God's purposes, was present in the mind of our blessed Lord when He instituted the Holy Supper of which to-day we have been partakers. Why else should our Lord have said at the conclusion of the Supper—"Verily I say unto you I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it *anew* in the kingdom of God." Our Lord doubtless had before his mind's eye that Marriage-Supper of the lamb, of which it is said in the book of Revelation;—"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. * * And he saith unto me write, Blessed are they which are called unto the Marriage Supper of the Lamb." Amen.



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THE DESIRABLENESS AND PRACTICABILITY OF ORGANIZING A NATIONAL CHURCH IN BENGAL.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE subject of this evening's Lecture is the desirableness and practicability of organizing a National Church in Bengal.

I. It will, I presume, be acknowledged by every one in this assembly, that it is highly desirable for the Native Christians of Bengal to repudiate all denominational distinctions and to form themselves into a united National Church. Such a union is desirable for many reasons.

1. In the first place, by uniting together we shall place ourselves in true harmony with the distinctive characteristic and the very essence of our holy faith, and shall best fulfil the design which our blessed Saviour had in establishing His spiritual kingdom upon earth. Union in love is the element

* This Lecture was delivered at the Bengal Christian Association on the 13th December 1869. It is now repeated in the hope that it will be of some use in the discussions on Christian Union which are now engaging the attention of Native Christians in Bengal.

of the Christian religion, and division is alien to its spirit. "Behold," says St. John, "Let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." And the same Apostle, the burden of whose teaching is Christian love, says also—"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us and His love is perfected in us." Thus by our loving one another, God's love is perfected in us. And how can we be said, in the true sense of the word, to love one another, when there are divisions amongst us, when one says, "I am an Episcopalian;" another, "I am a Presbyterian;" and another still, "I am a Congregationalist?" I do not deny that Christians of different denominations may and do love one another; but it must be admitted, that love would be deeper and more hearty if they belonged to the same communion. And is it not desirable that we all should be of the same communion? Are we not as Christians, members of the same household—"the household of faith"—"the household of God?" Have we not "one Lord, one faith, one Baptism?" Why should we then not be of one communion, one Church, one denomination? "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing even life for evermore." And let us also bear in mind that, in thus uniting together, we shall place ourselves in union with the spirit of our blessed Lord, who, in His last intercessory prayer upon earth, said—"Neither pray I for these alone, but also for them which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

2. *Secondly*.—A union of all Bengali Christians into one communion is desirable, inasmuch as such a consummation

would present to our non-Christian countrymen an amiable aspect of our religion, and might thus be an instrument, under God, of bringing them to Christ. This is by no means a visionary idea. It is alluded to in that passage of our Lord's intercessory prayer which I have just now quoted,—“that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.” And He enlarges on the same idea in the following verse,—“I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.” It is plain from these words, that one effect of union amongst the disciples of Christ will be the conversion of the unbelieving world. Our countrymen see that we Christians are divided amongst ourselves, and they reason thus;—“We do not see any better effects of Christianity on its followers than of Hinduism on us. We do not see amongst them deeper love and more cordial union than amongst us. Amongst us one says, I am a Sákta; another, I am a Saiva; and a third, I am Vaishnava: so amongst Christians, one says; I am an Episcopalian; another, I am a Presbyterian; and a third, I am an Independent. Christianity, it seems, is no better than Hinduism.” I admit that this reasoning is unfair; still the fact is, Hindus do reason in this way. And the best refutation we can give to that reasoning is to unite ourselves into one community, one brotherhood, and thus entirely cut away the ground from beneath their feet. And when this union is effected, will not our non-Christian countrymen say of us what the old heathens said of the primitive Christians.—“behold, how these Christians love one another!” and may we not reasonably hope that when our holy religion is presented before them in so lovely an aspect, they will, under the divine guidance, be induced to embrace it?

3. *Thirdly*.—The formation of a united National Church in Bengal is necessary to a healthy development of Native Chris-

tianity. When I look upon Bengal—and it is true of all India, but my present business is with Bengal, and I therefore speak of it—when I look upon Bengal as a field of Missions and of Christianity, I am reminded of what in horticulture is called a *forcing garden*, where, in an ungenial soil, productions of milder climates are reared in hot-houses and other similar structures, by producing an artificial temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. In hot-houses in England,—especially in the fruit-houses of the Duke of Northumberland at Siou-house—the pine-apple, oranges, melons, the loquat, the leechec, the guava, the mango and other tropical fruits have ripened in great perfection. But all this being effected by an elaborate artificial process, by means of which air, moisture and light are regulated, it cannot be said that this circumstance has added to the number of the productions of England. Our Mission Stations and our Native Churches are so many *forcing-gardens*. We have an Episcopal pinery, a Presbyterian orangery, and a Congregationalist meloury. But these magnificent pine-apples, exquisite oranges, and excellent melons, do not add to the resources of the country. They are exotics. They do not flourish in the natural soil of the land, and under an open sky. They flourish only in those ecclesiastical glazed houses, called Mission Compounds and Native Churches. Those Churches are entirely European in their constitution. Their Christianity is European Christianity, that is to say, Christianity as it is modified by European modes of thought and feeling; and their ecclesiastical polity is European ecclesiastical polity, taking its colour and complexion from Rome, from Oxford, from Geneva, or from Homerton. Far be it from me to cast any reflections either on our Missions or on our Native Churches, on account of their European conformation. From the very nature of the case our Native Churches must at the commencement be established on European models. But it is not difficult to see that Native Christianity cannot develope itself under such arti-

ficial and foreign forms. The forms may be excellent in themselves, but they have been transplanted from their native shores to regions, the conditions and environments of which are not favourable to their healthy growth. Changing the figure, Native Christianity is stretched on the Procrustean bed of European forms of Church polity: no wonder, therefore, it does not grow. If you wish to see Bengali Christianity develop itself freely and naturally, you must free it from its European trammels—you must remove it from the hot-house of European Church organization—and plant it in the genial soil of Bengali modes of thought and feeling; or in other words, you must make Christianity indigenous in Bengal. I do not say that we shall accomplish all this by uniting ourselves together, but it will doubtless be the beginning of “a consummation so devoutly to be wished.” I am not so foolish as to suppose, with the whole history of the Christian Church before my eyes, that the united Church, which is proposed to be formed in Bengal, will last in its integrity for ever. There will be doubtless, in the course of time, many secessions and disruptions, many schisms and heresies, many sects of non-conformists—but all those will be, not the grafts of an exotic, but the natural growth and development of an indigenous Christianity.

4.—*Fourthly.*—It is desirable to form a united Church in Bengal in order that Bengali Christians may be taught self-reliance and self-government in ecclesiastical matters. It is a matter of devout thankfulness to God that European Missionaries ever came to this country, preached to us the blessed Gospel, brought us into the Church of Christ, and took care of us in the infancy of our faith. But it is not expedient—it is not beneficial to us—that we should always be under the guidance and supervision of Missionaries. Not that we are impatient to throw off the Missionary yoke, but being able to stand on our own legs it is not proper that we should be assisted and guided in our movements by Missionaries. So long as a child

cannot itself walk, it is supported by the hand of its mother, but when it gains confidence in its own powers, it begins to walk unaided, though at the commencement it should now and then fall down. I propose, brethren, that we be no longer in leading-strings. Let us endeavour to walk without the aid of our Missionary mother, even though we should in the attempt meet with many a fall. Those falls, should they occur, would only strengthen our feet and give us confidence to walk unaided. But if we never make the attempt for fear of a fall—if we be in love with leading-strings—we may never get the use of our legs. A state of dependence is not favourable to the growth of self-reliance or self-government. If we desire to have amongst us a manly Christianity—a Christianity that will hold its own when encountered either by the reproach of the world, the attacks of infidelity and irreligion or the fires of persecution,—a Christianity which will outlive political changes and convulsions,—we must repudiate all denominational distinctions which have been imported to us from Europe, and form ourselves into a Church on a wide Catholic and national basis.

5.—*Fifthly and lastly.*—It is desirable to have a united Native Church in Bengal that we may cope successfully with the rampant heathenism and infidelity of our country. It is plain that, in a country like ours, the Christian Church will be, for many ages, the Church militant in the true sense of the word. Its chief work, for a long time, will be to batter down the huge fabric of superstition which has been rearing its head from time immemorial, and to build on its ruins the temple of Christ. I do not say that this cannot be accomplished by a divided Church; but humbly speaking, it would be accomplished far more speedily if the Church were united. As all of us wish for the spiritual subjugation of our native country, let us take care that there be no division in our camp, that our strength be not wasted in internal dissensions, and the enemy perceiving our weakness does not attack us singly, and

thus prevent the accomplishment of what we all have at heart. Let us unite ourselves together, husband our resources, and embark in the holy enterprize as a compact body of Christian soldiery, knit together in the bonds of love and harmony. A vigorous and skilful direction of the concentrated Christian force available in the country is sure, under the divine blessing, to be crowned with success; and the battlements of the old and tottering edifices of Hinduism and Islamism may, like the walls of Jericho, give way at once before the Gospel-shout of the united Israel of Bengal.

11. But the question is—is a united Church which is so desirable for many reasons, practicable in the present state of things? This leads me to the second part of my subject, which is, the practicability of organizing a National Church for Bengal.

There are two chief obstacles in the way of the union of all Native Christians of Bengal, obstacles arising from differences of opinion regarding matters of faith, and from differences of opinion regarding Church Government, or in other words, difficulties arising from *doctrine* and from *discipline*. But these difficulties are, in my humble opinion, not insuperable.

1. *First*, with respect to doctrine. There is certainly a great variety of beliefs with regard to the doctrines of Christianity amongst Native Christians in Bengal. Some are ultra-Calvinists, some moderate Calvinists, some Arminians and others Latitudinarians. Amongst Episcopalians, some hold what are called High Church views of Christian doctrine, others belong to the Broad Church, and others still, to the Low Church. Some have subscribed to the Thirty-nine articles, others to the Westminster Confession of Faith, and others again have subscribed to nothing at all. Now, I am not about to say that there is no difference between the Thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, and the creed,

whether expressed in some symbolum or not, of the Congregational Churches. There is certainly difference in minor matters. But what I contend for is, that in essentials, in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, in those matters of faith which are necessary to salvation, all of them are agreed. It is clear, then, that there is something common in the creed of all of us. I should propose then that we unite together on the basis of that which is common to the creed of us all.

Any one that studies the religious history of Britain must admit the reasonableness of framing both the Thirty-nine articles and the Westminster Confession of Faith. But what have we, as Bengali Christians, to do with the storms of religious controversy which produced those Articles and that Confession? What have we to do with either Calvin or Arminius? What have we to do with the Council of Trent or the Synod of Dort? It is well known that Christianity has been modified by various systems of philosophy. European Christianity has taken its colour and complexion from the philosophy of an Augustine, of a Thomas Aquinas, of a Calvin, and of an Arminius. But we, as Bengali Christians are not bound to accept the *dicta* of those profound theologians. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Calvin and Arminius, were great masters in theology, and their respective views are certainly worthy of examination; but their opinions are not to be taken as Gospel truths. In this matter we may truly say to them,—“the blessed Jesus we know, the inspired Apostles we know, but who are ye?”

Any one that reads the New Testament attentively must perceive that, when the foundations of the Church of Christ were laid, there were no refinements in Christian theology. “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,”—it was on this confession of St. Peter that the Church was founded. And what was the object of writing the holy Gospels? St. John says—“But these things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that he-

lieving ye might have life through His name." What the terms of admission into the visible Church were in the apostolic age we may learn from the narrative of the Ethiopian eunuch;—"And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water; and the eunuch said, see here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, if thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him." We see from this narrative that any one who believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God was admitted into the Church by the holy rite of baptism. And we find from the Scriptures that the same faith, and none other was considered essential to salvation. The gaoler of Philippi, convicted of sin, came trembling to Paul and Silas, and said. "Sirs what must I do to be saved?" Listen to the reply of the inspired Apostle—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." To the same purport the same Apostle says elsewhere,—“That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” It is evident from these passages of Scripture,—and many more might be produced if necessary—that simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was considered in apostolic times as all that was necessary to salvation, and that a declaration of that faith entitled a man to admission into the Church of Christ. I may then well ask in the words of Jeremy Taylor, one of the luminaries of the Anglican Church,—“If this was sufficient to bring men to heaven then, why not now? If the Apostles admitted all to their communion that believed this simple creed, why should we exclude them now? I see not how any man can justify the making the way to heaven narrower than Jesus Christ hath made it, it being already so narrow, that there are few that find it.”

It is, in my humble opinion, a great mistake to enlarge the number of the Church's articles. By becoming too strict and narrow, we exclude a great many Christians who might otherwise join our communion. As a minister of the Free Church of Scotland I have subscribed to the Westminster Confession of Faith—and I continue conscientiously to believe in every doctrinal statement it contains; but I cannot help expressing my sincere conviction that it is about the narrowest and most exclusive creed in Christendom. It is, in my opinion, the most scriptural, the most philosophical, the most logical, and the most comprehensive of all creeds I know. But it is the narrowest, just because it is the most comprehensive of all creeds. In its vast sweep it embraces every doctrine and every point of every doctrine; hence it admits of no liberty of opinion, and therefore excludes, at least from the ministry of its Church, every one who cannot subscribe to it in its integrity. The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England are much broader than the Westminster Confession of Faith; but they are not, in my opinion, sufficiently broad. Far be it from me to blame either the Church of Scotland or the Church of England for making their creeds so narrow. I believe they were driven to it by the previous religious history of those countries; nevertheless, many good men of those Churches regard the narrowness of their creeds as an unfortunate though an unavoidable circumstance. On this subject I may be permitted to quote the language of one of the great lights of my own Church, Dr. Chalmers. He says;—"It is a great question how far this unity of faith ought to extend. It is evident, that the greater the number of the Church's articles, the more limited and exclusive it will be. And I know not a more interesting question of Christian policy than in how far it is advisable to give up certain points, and that with the view of opening a wider door of admittance to the Church, and of breaking down certain barriers of separation, which would give way indeed of themselves on the reconcilia-

tion of certain differences not being made indispensable to Christians being members of the same communion, or their being admitted into the fellowship of the same denomination.

Agreeably to these views I would construct the united national Church of Bengal on the broadest basis possible, so as to include in its communion a great variety of opinions. And I know not a broader creed than what is called the *Apostle's Creed*, or the *Creed*, by way of eminence. That creed was the *paradosis apostolike*. That it was composed by the inspired Apostles themselves, I do not believe; nevertheless it is sufficient for us to know that it embodies within its brief compass the essential teaching of the Holy Scriptures, that it comprises a summary of those articles, a belief in which is necessary to salvation, that it was the *symbolum* of the primitive Church and that in the days of the apostolical fathers it was put into the hands of catechumens who recited it at their baptism as their confession of faith. I would, therefore, make the *Apostle's Creed*, with the exception of one article, the creed of the united Church of Bengal. The exception to which I allude is the article on the descent of Christ into Hades. I would expunge it from the creed, partly because it might give rise to unnecessary controversy, and partly because it is not to be found in its most ancient forms as preserved in the writings of the apostolical fathers. By founding the united Church of Bengal on so broad and catholic a basis, we should be in communion with every Church in Christendom, the Greek and Latin Churches not excepted. I for one should rejoice if, our brethren of the Native Roman Catholic Church of Bengal could unite with us in the formation of a national Church, which they could do by abjuring the dogmas of the infallibility of the Pope and the insufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as a rule of faith; for look upon the Roman Catholic Church, though disfigured with corruption, as a branch of the true visible Church of Christ.

It may be objected that if the Apostles' Creed were made

the creed of the united Church of Bengal, Unitarians, who cannot be recognized as members of the true visible Church of Christ, would find admission into it. But it must be remembered that the doctrines of the divinity of our blessed Lord and of the atonement, though not explicitly taught in the Creed, are, certainly implied in it. Besides, those doctrines may be distinctly mentioned in the Liturgy which I hope the united Church will have. •

2.—*Secondly*, with respect to discipline. It is extremely difficult to say what form of Government the National Church of Bengal will assume;—whether it will take the form of monarchical Episcopacy, of oligarchical Presbyterianism, or of democratical Congregationalism, or whether, like the political constitution of England, it will partake of all the three elements? And if the latter, who can tell in what proportion? For myself I do not aspire to become the constitution-maker, the Abbe Sieyes, of the Church of Bengal. But in the meantime I don't think that it is impracticable for all of us, whether Episcopalians, Presbyterians or congregationalists—including under the last term both our Baptist brethren as well as the Congregationalists generally so called—to form ourselves into a united Church the constitution of which will be a compromise of the distinctive principles of each of those three forms of ecclesiastical polity. And this union will be possible only on one condition, the condition, *viz.*, that we all hold that no unchangeable form of Church Government is prescribed in the New Testament for the adoption of Christians in all ages and under all circumstances. So long as Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Congregationalists hold that each of their forms of Church polity—Episcopacy, Presbytery and Congregational Independency—is immutably instituted by our blessed Lord and His Apostles, there can possibly be no unity, for there can be no compromise. But if we hold that no specific Church organization, no particular form of Church government has been unchangeably instituted by Christ and

His apostles, then unity is possible, for a compromise is possible. The question, then, is—Is any particular form of Church Government prescribed in the New Testament for our adoption? If it is, I should like to know in what part of the New Testament it is contained. I should like to know the Chapter and verse or Chapters and verses. For my part I can honestly say that I have searched the New Testament in vain for such an immutable pattern of Church Government. I find there certain general principles of the subject laid down, but I don't find any specific Church polity enjoined upon us. In his Epistle to the Ephesians St. Paul enumerates the Officers appointed by Christ for the edification of the Church. He says,—“When He [that is, Christ] ascended upon high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.” It is evident from these words that no other officers than apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, are necessary for the perfecting of the saints, the work of the ministry and the edifying of the body of Christ. For an explication of these verses I look into the Institutes of Calvin the great upholder of Presbyterianism, and certainly one of the profoundest theologians that the Church of Christ ever produced.

And what does he say? He says that apostles, prophets and evangelists were extraordinary officers, and that the two classes of officers called pastors and teachers “are always indispensable to the Church.” But what is the difference between pastors and teachers? “The difference between them, I comprehend,” says Calvin, “to be this, that teachers have no official concern with the discipline, or the administration of the Sacraments, or with admonitions and exhortations, but only with the interpretation of the Scriptures whereas the pastoral office includes all these things.” Now, I may be permitted to remark that

if there be extraordinary officers and ordinary officers, it is plain, I think, from the admission of this fact, that no immutable form of Church Government was instituted by Christ and his apostles; and that the ordinary officers, *viz.*, pastors and teachers, as interpreted by Calvin, are not to be found, I believe, in any Church in the world. Milton's interpretation is, in my opinion, happier than Calvin's. He says—"It is observable that pastors and teachers are used synonymously; for the apostle does not say, He gave some, pastors; some, teachers; but merely adds the second or proper title as an explanation of the figurative term." The fact is, no definite body of rules has been immutably appointed by Christ and his apostles. I hope no one will suppose that I am using language inconsistent with my character as a Presbyterian minister. I conscientiously believe Presbytery to be conformable to Scripture, but that does not compel me to believe that every other form of Church Government is contrary to Scripture. With Dr. Chalmers I make a distinction between the "lawful" and the "obligatory". "The lawfulness of doing a particular thing," says that eminent divine, "does not necessarily imply the unlawfulness of not doing it; as for example, it may be lawful to celebrate the Sacrament of the supper in a sitting posture, yet not unlawful to celebrate it in a kneeling posture; whereas if instead of lawful, it were obligatory to celebrate it in a sitting posture, then it would be unlawful to celebrate it kneeling. In other words, though you prove the lawfulness of a given practice, you do not on that account prove the unlawfulness of a different or an opposite practice; but once make out that a practice is obligatory, then all other practices diverse from it, or opposite to it, are held in the face of the obligation, and therefore positively unlawful."

Now I believe, that the Presbyterian mode of Church Government has the warrant of Scriptural example; but this proves only the lawfulness of that constitution, but not its exclusive obligatoriness. In other words, I believe that there

is Scriptural authority for Presbytery, but I don't believe in the divine right of Presbytery. I do not believe in the divine right of any particular form of Church polity, for I do not believe that either our blessed Lord or His apostles enjoined a particular constitution on the Church.

It is easy to strengthen this opinion by the testimonies of some of the greatest divines of the Christian Church. The first witness I shall produce is the judicious and incomparable Hooker, one of the brightest luminaries of the Anglican Church. Any one that has read his immortal work, called the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, must know that one of the positions maintained by the author in that treatise is, that it is "not necessary that some particular form of church polity should be set down in Scripture, sith the things that belong particularly to any such form are not of necessity to salvation." Though Hooker is in himself a host, I shall produce another Anglican witness, the latest that has given deliverance on the subject. Professor Bonamy Price, in an able article in the *Contemporary Review* of October last, says—"Christ founded a religion which as necessarily implied social relations between its members as the existence of men on earth implies society, rule, civil polity of some kind. But he no more willed that all Christians should be governed in a single association than the Creator decreed that there should be but one nation in the whole world. The right of Christians to construct their own churches is as free, as unrestricted as the right of citizens to found their own states." Let me now bring forward one or two Presbyterian witnesses. Dr. Chalmers says—"I must confess that the testimony of Epiphanius is highly accordant with my own views on the question of Church Government, which seems historically to have been changed and adopted according to the purposes of what may be termed Christian expediency; and instead of being decisively settled in Scripture, left very much to the discretion of Christian men." Dr. Campbell, the acute Biblical critic and Church historian, tak-

ing the same view of the question, makes the following very judicious observations:—"The circumstances of men and things are perpetually varying, in respect of laws, civil polity, customs and manners: these, in every society, give rise to new regulations, arrangements, ceremonies; these again insensibly introduce changes in the relations of different classes and ranks of men one to another, exalting some and depressing others. Sometimes alterations arise from a sort of necessity. A particular measure may be expedient at one time and in certain circumstances, which is inexpedient at another time and in different circumstances." That is say, in Dr. Campbell's opinion, changing circumstances in the history of the Christian Church require corresponding changes in the constitution of the Church,—an opinion in which, I am persuaded, every right-thinking person will agree. I am sorry I cannot bring forward any witnesses of the Congregational Churches to strengthen the position I hold; for every Independent divine that I have come across in the course of my reading—like Owen, Orme, Wardlaw—seems stoutly to maintain the divine right of Congregational Independency. I have reason, however, to believe, from conversation with some Missionaries of the London Missionary Society, that many congregational ministers of the present day have advanced in liberality of sentiment on this subject, and hold the position I am advocating. We may then take it for granted that all judicious and moderate divines of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches agree in maintaining that our Blessed Lord and His Apostles have not instituted an unchangeable form of Church Government which is obligatory on Christians at all times and under all circumstances. If we adopt this principle, the obstacles which encumber the path of union will be removed. Maintaining this principle, we, whether Episcopalians, Presbyterians or Congregationalists, can form ourselves into one church and construct its constitution. I have already told you that the constitution of the future Church of Bengal will be

the growth of time. But in the meantime a form of provisional Government must be adopted for our present purpose. And that provisional polity must be settled by an Assembly or convocation of the leading Native Christians of all denominations.

But I may be allowed to give you a rough outline of what, in my opinion, ought to be the nature of that provisional Church Government.

(1)—*First*, as to the orders of Church Officers, Episcopalians maintain that there are three orders, *viz.*, Bishops, Presbyters and Deacons; and Presbyterians and Congregationalists both maintain that there are only two orders, *viz.*, Presbyters and Deacons,—the difference in this matter between Presbyterians and Congregationalists being that the former make a distinction between Presbyters who both teach and rule and Presbyters who only rule, while the latter make no such distinction. The question is, how many orders should we have in the united national Church of Bengal? Don't tell me to go to the New Testament for finding out how many orders are recognized in it, for I have already shown that the New Testament lays down no immutable law on the subject. How many orders then is it expedient, useful and necessary to have in the Bengal Church *at present*? Let us see.

I think the diaconal order may be dispensed with. Deacons, in Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, are mere laymen; they neither teach nor rule; they have only charge of the funds and property of the Church. Such being the case, I no more see the beauty of making them an order of Church officers, than of making Church-warden, Sacristan, the Church-bearer, the Church-lighter, the Church-peon, the Grave-digger and the Pew-opener, orders of Office-bearers in the Church, and of appointing them to their several offices by the solemn imposition of hands. God forbid that I should throw contempt on the office of the Deacon in our Presbyterian and Congregational Churches; the Deacons are a most

important and a most useful body. But what I mean to say is that they are laymen, pure and simple, and need not, therefore, be recognized as an order of officers in the Church. Their work can be done by a Financial Board or Committee composed of some of the members of the Church elected by vote. The diaconal office in the Anglican Church is clerical; but I don't see the utility of recognizing it as a separate order. A Presbyterian is a *pucka* Padre, whereas a Deacon is a *kancha* one. But why not have the *pucka* and right thing at once? Before a man is ordained as a Presbyterian, he may be kept for a long time on trial, during which he may be exercising his gifts by preaching; but so long as he is not ordained a Presbyterian, he should be looked upon as a simple layman who is a candidate for the Ministry. For these reasons I would not recognize Deacons as an order of officers in the proposed united National Church of Bengal.

Further, I do not see the advantage of having two classes of Presbyters, teaching and ruling. No doubt, laymen should be associated with ministers in administering the affairs of the Church, but I do not perceive the advantage of calling such laymen Presbyters. Though associated with Presbyters in the Government of the Church they are nothing but laymen, and should therefore be recognized as such only. Thus discarding Deacons and ruling Presbyters, two orders remain, *viz.*, Bishops and Presbyters. But the question is, are Bishops, in the Anglican sense of that term, necessary in the present infantile state of the Church in Bengal? I, for one, do not think they are necessary at present. When the whole country is Christianized, then not only Bishops, but Arch-Bishops, and Arch-arch-Bishops, and if possible something higher still, may be necessary; but at present simple Presbyters, I think, will serve all our purposes. Some Presbyters may be appointed as Superintendents over districts and such may be called, if you like, Bishops during the tenure of their Office. I should propose then that the National Church of Bengal recognize

neither three nor two orders, but only one order of Church Officers, *viz.*, Presbyters. And this seems to be agreeable to the mind of St. Paul who tells us, in a passage I have already quoted, that "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ," Christ "gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers." Taking away from this list of officers, apostles, prophets and evangelists—who are extraordinary officers—there remains only the single order of pastors or teachers—*impoimynas* and *didaskalos* being evidently used synonymously by the apostle. So far for the orders of Church Officers.

(2).—*Secondly*, as to the management of the affairs of particular congregations. In this matter, I think, we should strike a golden mean between the episcopalian mode and the congregational. I would give more power to the pastor than the minister of an independent congregation generally possesses, and more liberty to the congregation than an episcopalian congregation generally possesses. I should strongly enforce on the people the apostolical exhortation—"Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account; that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you." And that other exhortation—"Know them who labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." But if this system of managing the internal affairs of a congregation be thought too loose and uncertain, the system of *Punchayet*, common to both Hindus and Mahomedans, may with advantage be introduced. Such a loving and reverential obedience and submission to the spiritual teacher is quite in accordance with the genius of the national character, as Hindus pay very great regard to their *Gurus* and *Purohitas*. I would then give the pastor full power to administer the spiritual affairs of the congregation, and to exer-

cise discipline in ordinary cases without consulting the members, that he might not feel hampered and his hands tied. But at the same time in extraordinary cases it would be desirable on the part of the pastor to call the Church together, to make a fair statement of the case under consideration, and to point out the law of the Gospel with regard to it. In short, it should be, in the words of Dr. Wardlaw, "not properly a system of popular rule, but of *pastoral direction* and *popular concurrence* in the application and execution of the laws of Christ; his authority being throughout held and felt to be paramount." But when there is dispute between pastor and people amongst Congregationalists, there is, I believe,—at any rate there ought not to be according to the principles of Congregationalism—no umpire to settle the differences, no higher Court to which to appeal. For making this provision we must have recourse to presbyterianism.

(3). I should, therefore, in the third place, propose the formation of a Council composed of all the pastors of the district and an equal number of laymen elected by the congregations. This Council will not only be an Appellate Court for determining cases sent up to it by the congregations or their pastors, but also to have a general oversight of the congregations, to contrive measures for their prosperity in spiritual things, to care for the education of the young, to examine candidates for the ministry, and to spread the Gospel amongst our unbelieving countrymen. This Council is to be presided over by a Presbyter who is to be elected. Perhaps some of our Anglican brethren would like the Chairman of the Council to be elected for life, as it would give them something like a Bishop. But I should like those brethren to consider whether it is expedient to elect a Chairman for life; whether there is a precedent for such a procedure in any literary, scientific or political association; whether, in case the man elected proved incompetent to discharge the duties of his high office, the interests of the entire Church might not be jeopardized

during a whole generation; and whether such a course would be in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age. It might be a serious thing if the Governor General of India or the President of the United States, were elected for life; such a course might be productive of endless mischief. It might prove equally serious if the President of the Bengal Church—or call him Bishop if you like—were elected for life. The Presbyterian Moderator is elected in some instances for six months, and in others every year, and the Anglican Bishop is appointed for life. Why not strike a compromise, and elect the President for five years, as in the case of the Viceroy and Governor General of India. If he is found a good and able man, he may be re-elected; and thus it would be possible to secure the services of a first rate President till the natural termination of his life. When the Chairman after five years vacates the Presidential chair, he takes his place amongst his fellow-Presbyters as before, though he may be dignified with the title of Ex-President or Ex-Bishop.

Should our Episcopalian brethren insist on appointing the President of the Council for life, I should be inclined to concede the point to them on the distinct understanding, however, that he is to be elected by the votes of members of the Council, and to remain only as a Presbyter, though the Permanent President of the Council.

When the whole country, or a great part of it, is Christianized, there will be council in every district; and then there may be also a Convocation or a sort of ecclesiastical Parliament consisting of representatives from those councils, or there may be Bishops, Metropolitans and Arch-bishops. But we need not legislate for futurity. Such, brethren, is a programme of the provisional government of the proposed united Church of Bengal.

I should like to have stated at length my views on other matters of Church polity—using the word “polity” in that large sense in which Hooker uses it—but your time will not

permit such an enlarged treatment of the subject. I must therefore content myself with making a remark or two on each of those subjects.

3. With regard to the finances of the Church, especially the sustenance of the ministers, every congregation must manage its own pecuniary affairs. On this subject, however, I should like to make one remark, and it is, that from the beginning we should make it a principle of the national Church of Bengal to have as many unpaid ministers as possible. I see no impropriety in a minister of the Gospel earning his bread by some honorable calling or honest industry, and giving at the same time his spiritual ministrations gratuitously. This was the course adopted by the greatest minister and missionary the Christian Church ever had, the Apostle Paul. And if St. Paul could make tents for his daily bread and preach without charge, I cannot understand how it can be improper for others to imitate his noble and self-denying example. The subject is discussed in so masterly a manner by Milton in his *Christian Doctrine* that I hope, you will pardon me for reading to you the following extract:—

“With regard to the remuneration to be allotted to the ministers of the universal Church, as well as to those of particular religious communities, it must be allowed that a certain recompense is both reasonable in itself, and sanctioned by the law of God and the declarations of Christ and His apostle. Matth. x. 10, “The workman is worthy of his meat.” 1 Cor. ix. 7-13, “who goeth a warfare at his own charges?” Gal vi. 6, “let him that is taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things” 1 Tim. v. 17, 18, “Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine. For the Scripture saith, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And, the labourer is worthy of his reward.” Hence it is lawful and equitable, and the ordinance of God Himself, “that they which preach the Gospel^e should live of

the Gospel," (1 Cor. ix. 14). It is however, more desirable for example's sake and for the preventing of offence or suspicion as well as more complete glorying in God to render an unpaid service to the Church in this as well as in all other instances, and after the example of our Lord, to minister and serve gratuitously; Matth. x. 8 "Freely ye have received, freely give." St. Paul proposed the same to the imitation of ministers in general and recommended it by his example, (Acts xx. 34, 35). "Ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me; I have showed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak." "How then," continues Milton, "ask they, are we to live? How ought they to live but as the prophets and apostles lived of old? On their own private resources, by the exercise of some calling, by some industry, after the example of the prophets, who accounted it no disgrace to be able to hew their own wood, and build their own houses (2 Kings. vi. 2); of Christ, who wrought with His own hands as a carpenter (Mark. vi. 3); and of St. Paul (Acts. xviii. 3, 4.) to whom the plea so importunately urged in modern times, of the expensiveness of a liberal education, and of the necessity that it should be repaid out of the wages of the Gospel, seems never to have occurred."

Brèthren, it would, I think, be a noble spectacle to have in the national Church of Bengal a number of ministers, supporting themselves by honest industry and rendering unpaid service to the Church, and thus treading in the foot-steps of prophets and Apostles.

4. On the grand principle underlying the proposed union, the principle, *viz*, that there is no immutable form of Church polity prescribed in the New Testament which is obligatory on the Church in all ages and under all circumstances, there can possibly be no question raised regarding the validity or non-validity of the ordination of existing Native Ministers whether Episcopalian, Presbyterian or Congregational. If

there is to be union—and I devoutly pray that there may be—all the present ordained Native Ministers must be recognized as ministers. Ordination is certainly a most solemn act, but I trust none in this assembly believes that from the hand of the Bishop or the hands of the Presbytery or of a body of ministers there flows physically, like animal magnetism or a current of electricity, any spiritual *Charisma*. But if there be any one who believes in the mechanical efficacy of ordination such an one must also admit that the efficacy is not confined to episcopal hands but is extended also to the hands of Presbyters according to that well known exhortation of the Apostle Paul—"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." But the fact is, that the *Charisma* that was imparted to Timothy at his ordination was a supernatural gift which had been announced before *dia propheteias* and it is not to be supposed that every ordination is attended with a similar communication of supernatural gifts. I trust, therefore, that we shall all recognize the validity of every ordination performed, whether at an Anglican Cathedral, a Presbyterian Kirk, or a Congregational Chapel.

5. With reference to the dispensation of the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, I do not think that differences of views regarding the administration of those sealing ordinances will be any obstacle to our union. In the proposed United Church, we should have the baptism of infants. And I do hope, and trust, that our Baptist friends, will waive their peculiar views in deference to the majority of their brethren. Whether we should receive the Holy Communion in a sitting or a kneeling posture is, in my opinion, a very unimportant question. Though a Presbyterian minister myself, I have for the last two years received the Lord's Supper in a kneeling posture at the altar of an Episcopal Church, and I could not say which edified me more—the beautiful simplicity attending the administration of the rite in my own Church, or "the

deep and melodious devoutness" which characterizes the office of the Holy Communion of the Church of England.

Whether we should have the rite of confirmation as in the Church of England, is also, in my opinion, an unimportant question, for Presbyterians and Congregationalists, though they have not the rite, yet have something equivalent to it, *viz.*, the strict and searching examination of candidates for the Holy Communion.

6. The question of a Liturgy is a larger and more important one, and I should like to have made some remarks on it, but your time will not permit it. Personally I am in favour of a liturgy. Whether Presbyterian and Congregationalist ministers admit it or not, it is a simple fact that the extempore prayers of not a few pastors mar the devotional spirit of their congregations. To prevent this disturbance of the spirit of devotion, recourse should, in my opinion, be had to a liturgy. In case, however, some of the brethren should be strongly against set forms of prayer, the liturgy may be made only permissive, not obligatory. A minister of the National Church of Bengal should be left at liberty to use the liturgy or not just as he thought proper. And in compiling our liturgy, we cannot have a better model than the admirable Common Prayer Book of the Church of England, a collection of the most exquisitely beautiful prayers, of the holiest and divinest utterances ever breathed by human lips. And in the liturgical service we should have, in my opinion, those chants which make the Anglican service so exquisitely beautiful, and of which we have precedents in our own national Vedic chants and intonations.

7. The last question of Church polity which I shall mention is—Ought there to be, in the united Church of Bengal, Christian festivals as in the Church of England? For my part I do not see the slightest objection to the celebrating of Christian festivals. A text is often quoted from the epistles of St. Paul for the purpose of showing that festivals are condemned

by the Holy Apostle:—"Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years; I am in fear of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." But St. Paul is misunderstood. The Apostle in the context, and indeed throughout the epistle, speaks of the liberty of Gentile Christians, of the futter inutility of their observing the Jewish ceremonial which had been abrogated at the advent of Christ; and in the text he expresses his apprehension lest, after having obtained the liberty of the Gospel, the Galatian converts should submit to the yoke of the abrogated Jewish ceremonial. In the passage quoted, St. Paul could not have alluded to Christian festivals at all, simply because those festivals had not then been instituted. Scripture not being against the celebration of Christian festivals, it is matter of Christian expediency whether they should be observed or not; and for my part I agree with St. Augustine when he says—"By festival solemnities and set days we dedicate and sanctify to God the memory of His benefits, lest unthankful forgetfulness thereof, should creep upon us in course of time." And it must be admitted that the genius of our national character is favourable to the celebration of festivals, and I think it but proper that the joyousness of spirit, which our national character exhibits in the celebration of idolatrous festivals, should be transferred by us from the service of demons to the living and true God;—thus garnishing our Zion with the spoils of Egypt.

I have thus endeavoured, brethren,—very imperfectly I fear—to show the desirableness and practicability of organizing a united national Church in Bengal. It would be presumption on my part to suppose that you will adopt all my views—indeed such a thing cannot be expected. But I trust I have succeeded in showing that a union of all Native Christians is not impracticable. I understand that this Association has appointed a Committee of some Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist brethren—with our accomplished and excellent President, the Rev. K. M. Banerjee, at once the

patriarch and the glory of the Native Christian community, as the Chairman of the Committee, for the purpose of ascertaining the feelings of native Christians in general on the subject of the union. Were the Committee to draw up a scheme of union on some such principles as I have indicated, the attempt to organize a united National Church might, by the Divine blessing, be crowned with success, and a 'model union or National Church might almost immediately be established in this city, with the President of this Association as its Pastor. I do humbly hope and trust that my suggestion will be acted upon. But a Committee will be of no avail unless all of us earnestly desire to have a united Church, and are imbued with the spirit of true charity. Jeremy Taylor justly remarks of his own times—and his words are applicable to ours—"It is not the differing opinions that is the cause of the present ruptures; it is not the variety of understandings, but the disunion of wills and affections; it is not the several principles, but the several ends that cause our miseries; our opinions commence and are upheld, according as our turns are served, and our interests are preserved, and there is no cure for us but piety and charity." Yes, brethren, it is charity and charity alone that will make the promotion of a united Church in Bengal practicable. Let us then leave off all our narrow and sectarian prejudices; let us throw to the winds our notions of Apostolical Succession, of the Divine right of Presbytery and of Congregational Independency, should they prove obstacles in the way of brotherly love and Christian union; let us all be animated with the sincere desire of uniting ourselves into a loving brotherhood, and above all be largely imbued with that grace of charity which is so beautifully eulogized by one of the Apostolical Fathers. "Who is able," says Clemens Romanus, "who is able to express the obligation of the love of God? What man is sufficiently worthy to declare the excellence of its beauty? The height to which charity leads is inexpressible. Charity unites us to

God ; charity covereth the multitude of sins ; charity endureth all things ; is long-suffering in all things. There is nothing sordid in charity, nothing proud. Charity hath no schism ; charity is not seditious, charity doth all things in peace and concord. In charity were all the elect of God made perfect ; without charity nothing is well-pleasing to God. In charity did the Lord take us to Himself ; through the love which He bore towards us Christ our Lord gave His blood for us, by the will of God ; and his flesh for our flesh ; and His soul for our souls."

Let us all be animated with this divine charity, and a united National Church in Bengal will soon be an accomplished fact. Amen and Amen.

THE CHINSURAH ZENANA MISSION.

IN submitting the Report of the Chinsurah Zenana Mission for the year 1882 to its supporters and well wishers, I deem it desirable to give a brief history of its operations from its commencement. The Mission was founded by Miss Raikes on the 13th of April 1875, on which day a Girl's School containing 30 pupils, founded and conducted by some of the intelligent Baboos of Ghutia Bazar, was handed over to her by the Baboos themselves, with expressions of good-will and anticipations of success and prosperity. Those anticipations were not ill-founded, for the school greatly improved under the new management, the number of the pupils having increased in the course of a few months from 30 to 52. But the improvement was shown not merely in the increase of the number of pupils, but also in the efficiency of the instruction given to them. Sir William Herschel, then Magistrate of Hooghly, examined the school and made the following remarks : — " There was an exercise [amongst the girls] of individual thought which gave the highest promise of good results to

follow in good time. I cannot doubt, " continues Sir William Herschel, " that this school is doing much good in its half private circle, and introducing a refinement of thought and manners which open schools can hardly ever expect to cultivate."

Miss Raikes, however, did not confine her labours to the school only. She carried the torch of knowledge into the Zenanas of respectable Hindu gentlemen, which had, from time out of mind, been hermetically sealed against the light of knowledge, and some of them against the light of the sun itself. We read with no little wonder and thankfulness in the report of the Mission for the year 1876, just one year after its commencement, that " the Zenanas visited were from 15 to 21 in number; that they were of the upper classes, and extended to Hooghly, Telinipara, British Chandernagore, and Palpara."

Nor were the efforts of Miss. Raikes to impart light and sweetness to the Zenanas unappreciated by the lords of those Zenanas. Let me here quote a letter written to Miss. Raikes by a Babu whom I am glad to see at this meeting. It is as follows:—" Madam,—Myself and my friends are extremely thankful to you, and others associated with yourself for your disinterested exertions on behalf of Hindu female education. We especially appreciate your system of Zenana teaching, as we are convicted that nothing in the present state of our society will do so much to ameliorate this condition of our women. We confidently hope that a brilliant future is awaiting our females, if for a few years you exert yourselves for their improvement, in the manner you are doing. Allow me, Madam, to assure you that you have our best wishes for your success in your noble undertaking." From another letter addressed to Miss Raikes about the same time and signed by nine Baboos of Chinsurah, I make the following extract.—" To our females, it is no exaggeration to say, you are a beloved sister, an esteemed friend, and a stern preceptress. You

have changed the tone of the Hindu Zenana, by creating a taste for knowledge and truth. We trust that, with the growth and progress of this feeling, the prejudices and superstitions, which are a crying shame to our Zenana females, will become things of the past, and thus their emancipation from the thralldom of ages will become complete. In conclusion, allow us to thank you again for your truly Christian services in connection with the enlightenment of Indian females."

The year 1877 was marked by further progress in the Mission. Two new girls' schools were opened, one at Hooghly and the other at British Chaudernagore, and the number of zenanas visited increased from 25 to 30. In the good work in which Miss Raikes was engaged, she was at first assisted by Miss D'Rozario and three Bengali Christian women; and in the course of the year 1876 the Mission received an accession in the persons of Miss Collins and of two more Bengali Christian women.

In the year 1878 a fourth girls' school was opened at Bali, and the number of the zenanas visited increased from 30 to 42. The number of pupils amounted to 130. During the same year Miss D'Rozario was transferred to another Mission, and Miss Humphrey took her place at Chinsurah; and the instructive staff was strengthened by the addition of a sixth Bengali Christian woman. It was during this year also that Lady Lytton presided in this very house at the distribution of prizes to deserving girls, and expressed her satisfaction at the progress of female education in this part of the country.

In July 1879 Miss Raikes, exhausted by her incessant and devoted labours, sought for repose for a few months in England; but she was at her post again in December of the same year. The work made still greater progress during the year 1879, for I myself examined the schools early in 1880, and stated in my report that the number of the pupils had increased from 130 to 150.

In the year 1881 there was no external extension of the work, neither was there any decrease. The numbers of the schools and of the pupils were the same as in the previous year, and the Rev. Dr. Baumann, who examined the schools in December of that year, said in his report that he "was pleased to find that there was no diminution in their general excellence."

*With regard to the state of the schools during the year 1882, I may state that I examined last month the four schools, for four days, each school one day, and found that they all were in a high state of efficiency. As regards numerical strength, the Chinsurah Zenana Mission schools never contained so many pupils as at present. The highest number ever reached in any year since the commencement of the Mission was 150, but to-day the number of pupils is upwards of 200. The numbers are distributed as follows:—

Ghutia Bazaar School	75 pupils
Chinsurah School	62 "
Bali School	35 "
British Chandernagore School	35 "
<hr/>	
Total	207

The number of pupils in the Ghuti Bazaar school in 1882 was 85, but the lady superintendent had to send away some girls for want of a Bengali teacher and of house accommodation. The subjects and books taught in these schools are, Scripture Lessons; Lessons on Objects; History of Bengal; Grammar; Geography; Arithmetic; Charupatha, Parts 1st and 2nd; Poetical Reader, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; Bodhodaya; Shishusiksha, part 3rd; and Varna Parichaya, Parts 1st and 2nd. I need hardly add that no English is taught in any of these schools, the instruction being communicated only through the Bengali language. The instructive Staff of the Mission at present is as follows:—The Lady Superintendent—Miss Raikes, Assistant Zenana Missionaries—
{ Miss Blond and
Miss Roy,
 Bengali Assistant Teachers—5 in number, and one Pundit.

Sir, having thus given a brief account of the operations of this Mission from the beginning, I wish to say one word about its management. The Mission was founded under the auspices of a Society called "The Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society," which, though originated by the zeal of members of the Church of England, accepted the co-operation of members of other Protestant bodies, like the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, the Wesleyans, the Baptists, the Independents and others. In 1880 the operations of this Society came to a dead lock on account of its heterogeneous composition. The Church of England men seceded from the Society and established a Society of their own called "The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society." Owing to this split there took place a distribution among the two Societies of the Mission stations in all parts of India. The Chinsurah Mission fell to the share of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, and as Miss Raikes had founded that Mission and was greatly attached to it, she cast in her lot with that Society. Miss Raikes, as the Lady Superintendent of the Mission, was connected directly with the London Committee of the Society, while the assistant Zenana missionaries and the Bengali Christian women and teachers were under the control of the Calcutta Committee. Thus situated, Miss Raikes carried on the Mission in connection with the Society for two years and half. In September last, however, owing to circumstances, which it would be out of place here to specify, but which, after reading the whole of the correspondence on the subject, I do not hesitate to say, reflect, to use the mildest expression, no credit either on the Calcutta Committee or on the Calcutta representative of the Home Committee, Miss Raikes's connection with the Society has, for the present at least, virtually ceased. From September last the Society has not given one farthing for the support of the Mission, Miss Raikes maintaining it, at her own expense. The Government grant of 65 Rupees a month

has been suspended. The Director of Public Instruction is willing to give the grant to Miss Raikes, provided the Calcutta Committee of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society declare that their connection with the Chinsurah Zenana Mission has ceased. But this they have not as yet declared. Six months have already elapsed since their connection with this Mission has actually ceased, and they have asked the Director of Public Instruction for another three months to make up their mind. To use a Bengali proverb, they will not themselves irrigate, nor will they allow others to irrigate. Such, Sir, is the present position of the Chinsurah Zenana Mission.

Sir, I confess I cannot sufficiently admire the courage, the devotedness, the constancy, the disinterestedness of Miss Raikes in carrying on this Mission in the midst of such tremendous difficulties. Any other woman would have either thrown up the work or succumbed to the arbitrary measures of the Calcutta Committee. Nor can I help admiring the conduct of Miss Blond, Miss Roy and the Bengali Christian women, who, although ordered by the Calcutta Committee to leave the Chinsurah Mission on pain of dismissal, nobly stuck to the side of Miss Raikes. But whatever may be the outcome of this affair three months hence, the duty of every enlightened Native gentleman of Chinsurah and its vicinity is, in the meantime, plain. They should all rally round Miss Raikes, help her with liberal subscriptions and donations, and thus enable her, to go on with the good work of educating and enlightening their own wives and daughters.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

XXIV.—THE WOULD-BE BORROWER.

"I really dont know what to do" said Nobin to himself. "This woman will give me no peace."

Nobin Kurmokar was a silversmith, who had recently returned from Calcutta to Chowgatcha, his native village, in the district of Nuddea, bringing with him the money he had earned by working in the metropolis. His savings were differently estimated by different parties; but no one reckoned it at more than 25 or 30 Rs., a large sum of money for a man in his position.

He had scarcely been at home two or three days when a neighbour, named Lukhee Naptinee, applied to him for the loan of some money; but Nobin would not agree to it.

"Why, what is your objection to me? Do you think I wont pay back the loan?"

"Not that," said Nobin. "I have a creditor of old standing with whom I am anxious to settle; and that done there would remain no surplus to lend."

"Oh, you are simply putting me off," said Lukhee. "If you dont trust me I am willing to pledge with you the ornaments I have till the debt is fully paid."

But Nobin still shook his head. "If you have ornaments to pawn," said he, "you can easily raise the loan elsewhere. I have my own debts to meet, and cannot help you."

The woman was still persistent in her application, which was several times renewed; and Nobin felt quite vexed and nonplussed at her importunity.

One morning Lukhee saw Nobin going to a tank to bathe. She immediately fetched a waterpot, and, affecting to go for water, followed him. Nobin however refused to take any notice of her, and after washing himself and performing his devotions he went away without exchanging a word with her, whereupon Lukhee also left the place.

Nobin thought he had done with her ; but he was mistaken. He had occasion to go to the tank again in the afternoon, and was again followed by the Naptinee.

"Why do you dog me in this manner, Lukhee ? What do you want with me ?" asked Nobin angrily of his tormentor.

"A loan of money, as I have told you several times," said the Naptinee ; "and I have now brought the ornaments I wanted to pawn."

"But I told you before that I have no money to lend you," rejoined Nobin ; "and, even if I had, this is neither time nor place for such transactions."

Saying this Nobin went down into the tank to perform his ablutions, but was followed to the water's edge by the persistent Naptinee ; and, as he stooped to wash himself, he felt her hand on his shoulder, and immediately after a knife at his throat. He had presence of mind to throw up his hands, and was able to seize her wrist with one hand and her hair with the other, and he at the sametime shouted aloud for assistance. As his house was near his relatives and neighbours heard his cries, and running to the spot succeeded in capturing Lukhee with the bloody knife in her hand ; while others helped Nobin out of the water as he was nearly fainting from loss of blood.

The wound inflicted on Nobin was five inches long, but little more than skin deep, so that though the blood had flowed profusely from it the wind-pipe was not touched. Nobin therefore recovered from it in a short time, though he was considerably frightened.

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"You are a dangerous woman, Lukhee. What tempted you to act in such an unwomanly way ?" asked the Darogah, on her being brought before him.

"Oh Sir ! the charge against me is false. I had no knife with me at all. I met Nobin by appointment, to pawn my ornaments with him, when two or three persons came to

the spot and quarrelled with him, and it was by some one of these that his throat was cut."

There was no evidence however to support this statement, and, besides the fact of her having been caught redhanded, the knife used in the act was proved to have belonged to her. She was convicted on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, with labour suited to her sex.

XXV.—THE FERRYMEN AND THE TRAVELLERS.

The travellers were eleven in number, and were proceeding from Akyab to Buldee Khal, in Tipperah. They were all day-labourers, and picked their way very cautiously, for they had money with them amounting in aggregate to Rs. 304-8, the savings of their labour in Akyab. Their spokesman was named Kadir Bux, a goodly man to look at, but barely more intelligent than the rest of them.

"We have now the ferry of Boorboorea before us," observed Kadir Bux, "and the farmer of the ferry is said to be a great *budjat*, who will give us trouble."

"In what way?" asked one of his companions.

"By extortion," said Kadir Bux. "I don't know what the authorized ferry-rate is; but they say it is difficult to satisfy this man with any rate."

The annoyance anticipated was given. The labourers offered to pay a fee of two pice per man, which was double the Government rate; but this was indignantly refused. The rate demanded was one anna per man, and one anna besides for every bundle carried over. This was so extravagantly high that the labourers refused at first to agree to it, and the result was a prolonged altercation and some rough handling, which enabled the farmer and his people to search the travellers' *kummurbunds* and ascertain what they carried.

"The chaps are very sharp, I see," said Khosal Manjee, the farmer. "They have got plenty of money with them, and yet want to cheat me of my dues."

"We don't want to cheat you at all, man," returned Kadir Bux. "Tell us honestly what the Government rate is, and take it."

"Have I not told you a hundred times already what the Government rate is? I have not asked a pice more from you. Here is the printed Government Notification, friend. Is it my fault that you are illiterate and cannot read it?"

There was some further haggling; but the farmer would not come down in his demand. He called upon all the Mahomedan saints to bear witness that he had asked for nothing beyond the Government rate; and the labourers were eventually compelled to pay the amount he demanded.

The ferry was crossed, and the labourers resumed their journey and went on, till they approached a field overshadowed by a large banian tree.

"We had better rest here awhile," said Kadir Bux, and this was generally agreed to. The day was hot, and the shade of the tree was very agreeable, and this accounted for some delay which occurred there.

"Now, see they are coming again after us," observed one of the labourers pointing out to a party of four men who were approaching them, and sure enough it was Khosal Manjee and three of his associates.

"Well, what do you want with us again?" asked Kadir Bux of the new comers not without alarm.

"Nothing whatever," said Khosal Manjee. "We are proceeding to Comillah."

This was reassuring, and in a few minutes the new comers disposed themselves much in the same manner as the labourers, sitting by them and chatting away pleasantly. Khosal Manjee now assumed the appearance of a Ferazee, by dropping the tucked-up end of his *dhoti*, and began to edify

the party by conversations on the subject of fasts and prayers, and the result was that the labourers began to form a rather good opinion of him notwithstanding his extortion, taking him for a devout man of religion.

"But we have no time for all this talk now," said Khosal Manjee, rising up suddenly. "We have a long way to go, and must do so with speed;" and he and his followers at once left the spot; and in about two hours reached the *bazaar* of Gazeepore. The labourers had now no reason to suspect them, and starting after them reached Gazeepore later, and saw the Manjees sitting in a shop there, to which they were invited.

"You must put up somewhere for the night which is fast approaching. Why not with us in the same shop?"

"All right!" said Kadir Bux. "Only we must have a separate apartment for ourselves."

This was accordingly arranged. The shop was a large one, and the *moodee* very accomodating; and while one room was given to the Manjees, another, which adjoined it, was assigned to the labourers.

The two parties made their purchases separately, cooked their food separately, and eat their meals apart; but, in the course of the evening, Khosal Manjee looked in into the room of the labourers, to renew the religious conversation they had liked so much.

"You are a religious man, farmer," said Kadir Bux, "and your views on the subjects discussed appear to me to be very sound."

"I am a humble worker in God's field, my friend, and aspire to no higher distinction."

At this moment one of the followers of the Manjee brought for him some soft molasses in his hand.

"I have prepared the molasses for you, master. Will you take some now?"

"Presently," said Khosal; "but I must first give some of it to my friends here," and, taking a portion of the stuff from his man, he handed it to Kadir Bux, describing it as a *S'rini* which had been offered to the saints. "I have had considerable success in trade this year by the assistance of the saints, and I never forget to propitiate them."

The travellers accepted about two *tollahs* of the present, and, dividing it amongst themselves, eat it. Shortly after they all began to complain of a burning sensation within, and a giddiness of the head, upon which Khosal advised them to put out the light and go to sleep, and then left the room. Kadir Bux was the first to suspect foul play, and began to call lustily for assistance; but no one responded to his call and shortly after they all became insensible.

Of what afterwards occurred Kadir Bux and his companions knew nothing, till 8 o'clock next morning, when, becoming by degrees more sensible of their condition, they discovered that they had been robbed of their money, their purses having either been cut open, or altogether carried away; and, on inquiring after the Manjees of the shopkeeper, they learnt that they had departed during the night. They now begged the shopkeeper for water and parched rice, but these were refused to them; and they were kept shut up in the room during the whole day and the ensuing night, on the pretext, as the shopkeeper subsequently explained, of preventing them from injuring themselves.

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"They are murdering some men in the *bazaar*, Sir," said the Moonsiff's *peshkar* to the *huzoor* on his arrival at the cutcherry on the third day.

"Murdering some men!" exclaimed the judge aghast. "How is that?"

"I am unable to explain the matter fully, Sir. But your personal presence on the spot may perhaps prevent the completion of the crime even now."

The Moonsiff hastened to the place at once, broke into the room of the sufferers, and gave every attention and assistance their condition demanded. He at the 'sametime sent information of the case to the police, which led to the apprehension of the Manjees.

Four prisoners were tried, of whom three were convicted. Khosal Manjee, the prime mover of the plot, and Buddyoodeen, the man who brought the molasses into the room of the travellers, were convicted of drugging and robbery, and sentenced to imprisonment in banishment for fourteen years each, and to a fine of Rs. 304-8 jointly, realisable by distress of property, to recoup the money plundered by them from the labourers. The ferryman at Boorboorea, named Asgur, who was Khosal's deputy, was convicted of extortion, as having demanded and received higher than the authorized fees, and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Nothing particular was proved against the fourth man, and he was released.

XXVI.—THE OBDURATE CLANSMAN.

There had lived in Akyab for many years a much venerated Phoongye, or Buddhist monk, named Tissoo, who was at the same time learned, pious, and temperate, and around whom young men crowded from the most distant places in the district to imbibe wisdom from his teachings. In the course of nature this men died, and the funeral had to be celebrated with games and festivals, as is usual on such occasions, and to this end the inhabitants of the place divided themselves into parties, each bearing a distinctive title and badge. Two of these parties were named *Shinebya* and *Peiktsheet*, and, these happening to quarrel with each other during the festivals, the feud was prolonged even after the funeral.

"Now, look here," said Khyakthoo, one of the leaders of the *Shinebya* clan to his partisans, "you must each take an oath by fire, water, and your sword to stand by me un-

flinchingly in this quarrel to the last. Let those who agree to this slap the ground with the palm of the right hand."

Almost all the *Shivebyans* consented, and expressed their consent in the manner indicated; but a few did not, and amongst these was one named Shiveoo, who said that he saw no reason why the quarrel should thus be indefinitely prolonged.

"It must be prolonged," said Khyakthoo; "and those who have refused to pledge themselves to me to-day will be treated similarly with the men of the *Peiktsheet* party, and their graves be made wherever they are met with."

This did not turn out to be an empty threat. There was so much quarrelling between the chief and his recusant partisans that the Magistrate of Akyab had to bind down Khyakthoo to keep the peace towards all; but there was no overt act of violence against Shiveoo in particular for upwards of six months, mainly because he was very careful in avoiding all expected quarrellers and assailants. Khyakthoo, however, had not lost sight of his obdurate follower, and, though he was personally bound, to keep the peace, he found others to carry out his threat.

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"Take care, Shiveoo. What are you out here for, so far from home?" said a neighbour to him on meeting him one day in the streets of Akyab.

"Oh, I have had some business here to transact and have not yet been able to get through it. I am afraid I shall be delayed till a late hour."

"Then remain in town for the night. Dont leave it after dusk."

"No, no; I must not be so timorous as that. If I dont go home it would make my family very uneasy." And so the good man finished his business in haste and prepared to return. He was accompanied by two of his acquaintances, but still did not take the direct road home, lest some of his ene-

mies should be lying in wait for him on it. He took a circuitous route in which he expected no obstruction, and was rapidly approaching the end of his journey.

"We have reached the Kula Khyoong at last," said he with a feeling of relief, as he approached a pattering brook from which his house was no more distant than a mile, and, the waters being small, the creek was easily crossed, at least by Shiveoo and one of his companions. Before the third man however could pass on he was attacked by some people who had been crouching behind a stone revetment, and was disabled by one wound on the right arm and another on the head, after which two of the assailants pressed forward and, overtaking Shiveoo, attacked him with their clubs. Shiveoo received two blows on the head by which his skull was fractured from the top to the eye, and he fell down without uttering a groan. His body was afterwards found in the water.

There was no doubt that Khyakthoo was at the bottom of the murder; but there was no evidence to criminate him. The two men who struck down Shiveoo were named Nakoin and Kolakhyn, the first a son of Khyakthoo, and the second his nephew. They were both convicted as accomplices in murder, and sentenced to transportation for life.

XXVII.—THE ADVENTUROUS ZEMINDAR.

"So you have not been able to find any trace of the rascals who have plundered our boat?" asked Golab Rai of the chowkeydar of thannah Mungerpaul.

"None whatever," was the reply. "We were not without hope for the first few days after the boat went down; but our expectations have not been realised. The thieves are much too clever for us, we fear."

The matter referred to by the speaker was this: A boat laden with betel-nuts and spices to the value of Rs. 4000,

belonging to a Patna house of trade was capsized in a gale of wind, and, drifting down with the current, settled under several fathoms of water on the Mungerpaul dearah, opposite to the mouth of the river Soane. The crew struggled ashore, but were not able to save any portion of the cargo; while before their own eyes, and in spite of their threats and remonstrance, they saw ten or twelve *dinghees* (small boats) approach the wreck from the opposite shore, and deliberately haul out the cargo and decamp with it, the whole freight being removed in the course of five or six hours.

"This is most extraordinary," remarked Ramjuss Rai. "A boat is wrecked in open day, and *looted* almost as soon as it is wrecked, and, though the police are immediately informed, and profess to keep a sharp look out for the plunderers, no trace of them or of the cargo is effected in a fortnight, notwithstanding the bulk of the property carried off."

"You forget conveniently that the police were not on the spot at the time the boat was looted. The crew of the boat witnessed the plundering and yet could not capture any of the plunderers."

"How could they? They had a hard struggle to save themselves, and, having gained the shore with difficulty, how could they go back to the wreck to intercept the plunderers who came from a different direction? It is to the police that people placed in such predicament look up for assistance.

"Justly so," said the chowkedar; "and the Darogah has been very busy with your affair for some days; but he has got no clue yet, that I know of."

The parties who had addressed the chowkedar were the owners of the property plundered. Seeing that the police were at fault they had come down to Mungerpaul to see personally if they could by any means help themselves.

"The plunderers will naturally be on the look-out to convert their booty into money," said Ramjuss to Golab; "and if we

can pounce on them while they are attempting to do so we may perhaps yet recover our own."

"In that case," suggested Golab, "we had better go to Sherepore, which is the largest mart in the neighbourhood," and they accordingly repaired to that village, which was several miles to the east of the mouth of the Soane.

The anticipation of the traders was realised. On the third day after their arrival at Sherepore they met with a *bunneah* who had brought a small *dinghee* load of betel-nuts and spices for sale.

"Does this property belong to you, friend, or are you acting for other parties?" asked Golab Rai of the *bunneah*.

"Oh! I am the agent of a rich zemindar, named Kooldeep Narain," said the *bunneah*; "and the betel-nut and spices belong to him and his uncle Oodit Narain."

"Have they more of these for sale, do you know? We want to buy a large quantity of spices."

"Yes, they have about six times the quantity I have brought down; but a portion of the spices is somewhat damaged."

"How so? How did these come to be damaged?"

"Oh! the boat on which they were first laden got sunk in the river. But they have since been well dried."

"Ah! if they have been well dried we will buy the whole cargo from you if you will get down the goods here."

This was agreed to, after which Ramjuss Rai and Golab Rai hastened to inform the police.

"Will this clue suffice, Darogahjee?"

"Amplify," said the Darogah, with a grin.

The property in the *dinghee* was captured at once, after which the zemindar, Kooldeep Narain, was arrested, with three of his servants, namely, those who were found to have assisted him in the robbery. The rest of the property was also traced, stowed away in a bungalow belonging jointly to Kooldeep Narain and Oodit Narain; but Oodit Narain effect-

ed his escape by crossing over towards Chupra, and was never afterwards heard of. Kooldeep Narain, as the prime offender in the robbery, was, upon conviction, sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, and his three servants to five years imprisonment each.

XXVIII.—THE LOVER'S REVENGE.

The house of Buksha stood in one of the most intricate streets of Furruckabad. It was a very humble dwelling, and held three inmates only, namely, Buksha, a tall, sturdy, and rough-visaged labourer of five and twenty; his unmarried sister Chyneeah, a gentle-looking girl of twelve years; and their mother, Dhunakie, who though barely past forty looked much older from sickness and care. An elder sister of Chyneeah had been married to a neighbour named Desie, and Bhowany, the younger brother of Desie, had for sometime been looking out for Chyneeah as his wife.

"I dont know much of Bhowany, and doubt if he will be a fit mate for Chyneeah. Desie is a good man and true, but Bhowany is nothing like him; and I dont wish therefore that you should settle anything, mother, in respect to him in a hurry.

"But what is your objection to Bhowany?" asked the mother. "He loves the girl, and we have hitherto encouraged him. We cannot break off with him now without assigning some reason."

"I have no reason to give just at present, mother," answered, Buksha. "I dont like Bhowany, and I dont think that he will be a good husband to Chyneeah. I want Chyneeah to be happily wedded, and ask therefore for more time to find out a good man for her."

The mother looked piqued and dissatisfied, but was content to subordinate her judgment to that of her son; and from that day the advances of Bhowany ceased to be en-

couraged by her. He had previously been in a manner betrothed to Chyneeah, and, having spent some money in presents to her, had ventured to press for a completion of the contract implied. But he was blankly told in reply that the family had not yet been able to come to any final decision on his suit, and, pending such decision, his presents to the girl were returned.

Bhowany continued to linger about the house, in the hope that the marriage with him would not be broken off; but he learnt soon after that Buksha favoured the suit of another neighbour named Hinmut, and he became so angry as to be unable to control himself.

"You will rue this treatment of me one day," said he to Dhunakie; "depend upon it you will;" and he went straight off to the district Magistrate to complain of a breach of promise. This however brought him no redress, as there was no promise to speak of, upon which, being hot-headed and reckless, he bought four pice worth of gunpowder to revenge himself.

It was a cold winter evening, and Dhunakie and Chyneeah, their day's work done, were sitting by the fire, when Bhowany suddenly entered the apartment. Dhunakie was feared and changed colour, she knew not wherefore.

"Whom dost thou seek here after dusk, Bhowany? Buksha has not come home yet."

"I don't seek Buksha, mother. I want to learn from you why my suit has been rejected. Has any one spoken ill of me to you?"

"No, Bhowany, nor is it true that your suit has been rejected. We want more time to come to a decision, and that is all."

"More time! Why you have taken six months over the matter already. More time still! Will you promise to complete the contract with me in another six months?"

Dhunakie deprecated his anger, and said gently that it was not seemly to discuss the question in Chyneeah's presence. "We will talk no more of it at present."

"But you must tell me at once whether it is not true that Buksha has selected Himmut for the match?"

Dhunakie's womanly pride was aroused. "I am not used to be thus questioned Bhowany, and I shall give you no reply."

"Then your death be on your head, woman," muttered the lover, and, blinded by anger, he threw the powder into the fire. The powder exploded, and the effects were fearful. The chopper of the house took fire, at the same time that all the parties in it were severely burnt, Chyneeah most. The girl died on the fifth day; her mother lingered a fortnight longer, but in great pain. Bhowany alone recovered, though his face, stomach, and hands were much marked.

After his recovery, Bhowany was tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF BEERBHOOM.

WE now pass on to the next personage whose bold exploits form a distinct Chapter of the manuscript before us, but some of them are too wild and romantic in their character to deserve any place in history. The great antiquary, whose writings we have attempted to preserve in these pages, has left them in the form of crude materials, which, to be of any use, must be carefully examined and collated. We will not therefore waste our energies on suspicious tales and mutilated anecdotes which, when collected, will present at least a hideous skeleton of misshapen bones. At present we confine ourselves to the section where the historian has commenced a clear and continued narrative.

In the dark abyss of antiquity but at what precise date we have no means to determine, there lived a Hindu zemindar popularly called Surat Raja. He was a pious Hindu deeply devoted to the worship of Shiva and Durga, who, it is believed, took him under their special protection. He built splendid houses in the north-western part of the village where fragments of old Hindu architecture still mark the site.* This Surat Raja in the earlier part of his life was a gross sensualist, studeous to procure at any cost the barbarous appetite of his brutal nature. To men his house was the den of a ferocious monster, to women it was the everlasting retreat of dark damnation. Never opposed in the wildest of his freaks he became in an incredibly short time the loath-

* A few years ago a number of diggers while excavating a tank near the supposed site of the palace of Surat Raja unearthed flights of steps greatly dilapidated and injured by time. Specimens of small hard bricks, pieces of cornices, fragments of commemorating pillars, may be found in almost every abandoned place, attesting the fact that there lived in this village, a wealthy chief, who having a taste in architecture adorned his nativity with superb edifices or that there lived many wealthy men about the same time, and all being men of taste and accomplishment rivalled with one another in raising grand and time-defying monuments of their deeds. The names of the rival chiefs may have flown away in the sweeping progress of time, leaving that of Surat which even to this day serves as a beacon light in the pathless ocean of antiquity.

some embodiment of all the vices of the East. He evinced a liking for crimes, for crimes' sake alone. But this state of depravity could not last long; a sudden reformation was brought about in a strange manner. Nothing less than a miracle could purge the dross of so polluted a soul, and verily a miracle was wrought for the salvation of it. The goddess Śūratেশ्वari, in whose services the declining years of the Raja were spent, interfered and reformed him in a dream. As he was sleeping in one of his richly perfumed apartments to drown the fatigues of an irregular life, he was assailed by a dream, the details of which are deadly to relate. He thought as if he had been carried on his sofa to a cemetery, where he saw a vast field of white bones stretching in every direction as far as the eye could reach. The place was dismal, solitary voiceless. Sounds of unknown birds now and then broke the horrid silence. At last a motley group of persons, whom he recognised easily came from the various points of the compass, and looking at the man with shuddering dismay, pointed their skinny fingers reproachfully at him as the author of all their woes. Their pale forms surrounded him, and although they appeared very fascinating at the first sight, their comeliness faded quickly away, like tints of colored clouds, at the close of a summer's day. They shewed him their wounds which assumed colossal proportions by the magnifying influence of dream. If he had shed a drop of blood his victims now came double-red with it. If he had robbed the purity of a single virgin he was called to account for a number, so that he perceived clearly what his lascivious conduct had brought on him. This grisly band of injured beings danced round him and moved in tumultuous disorder, every moment changing shape and becoming more and more hideous. Their once graceful forms, in the course of these maniac dances, became skeletons and loosely jointed bones, clattered on producing an unearthly sound. At last the pageantry melted

away, all but one, which assumed the aggregate ugliness of the grisly band and swelling to an enormous height began to chase the Raja like a blood-hound. He ran about like a mad man not knowing where to seek shelter from the fangs of an animal that seemed formed by Nature, to run, swim, or fly with equal agility. In despair he shrieked piteously but none was near to help him. At last dogged to death he flung himself on the ground and when the hideous animal was about to tear him to pieces he beheld a light ethereal making towards him. He greeted the light, but lo! a female form of exquisite beauty, and benign favor, came out of it, and slowly advanced towards the dying man. Ambrosial odour perfumed the breeze, and rays of light emanated from her in every direction. The Raja attempted to speak but wonder made him mute. His penitent look asked succour and forgiveness. The goddess spoke not, but raising her hand signed him to be composed, and then addressed him in these words:—

“Surat, your sins have been many; the atonement for them would be to lead a life of virtue. Be thou a friend to the poor, a terror to the wicked and father to the widows and orphans, injure none. Divine mercy thou mayst expect yet.”

The music of the celestial voice stopped, the Rajah lay on his bed as one from whom life had just departed. He rose from it cheerless, pale, and exhausted, never to forget the striking revelations of the dream. He consulted soothsayers, and his spiritual instructors advised him to build a temple for the worship of the goddess who, as he was told by the holy men, was Doorga herself, and desired to propitiate her by animal and vegetable sacrifices. This gave a decided bend to the zeal of the Raja who immediately ordered a house to be erected on the outskirts of the village. Thither he resorted every morning and evening to offer up prayers to the goddess. Brahmins deeply versed in the religious rites of the Hindus were appointed to officiate as priests, and a good part of the

splendid revenue of the Raja was devoted to the holy purpose. Numerous animals were sacrificed, and a large number of the victims was goats, which poor animals, were supplied from every part of his vast dominions.* Years rolled on, and the Raja continued to sacrifice as before. At last as he was about to ascend Heaven even in his bodily self he met a strange disaster he had never anticipated before. The numberless victims offered to the goddess rose from the realms of the dead, and their restless spirits, to his unutterable confusion, impeded his upward progress. Every animal he had sacrificed stood in his way, and everywhere he beheld a dreadful array of headless animals ready to lacerate him to pieces. No sight could be more appalling, countless glittering swords were lifted up to sever the head of the deluded devotee in their terrible descent. Each resolved to kill him once, and as the number of his victims was a million, he was to be born and slaughtered a million times ere he was to behold the blazing portals of Heaven. This was woe indeed. The Raja sat down in despair, not as one voluntarily changing his posture but like one crushed down by the preponderating weight of an overwhelming affliction. Long he remained senseless, and perhaps life would have flown away from the unhappy mansion had not the deity whom he had worshipped with his heart and soul come down to his rescue. She raised him up and took on her lap with all the affection and tender solicitude of an anxious mother. She reproved the Raja for having stained his hands with the blood of harmless animals at the evil suggestions of unholy men. A slaughtered life, said she, cried vengeance and the slayer was bound to atone for his crimes, ere he was rewarded for his virtues. However, as he spent the greater portion of his life in the service of the goddess, she could not but interfere, as nothing was so dear to her as

* The ancient Balipore, so called because the Raja kept his *bali*, victims, here, still exists. It is now called Bolepore and is one of the rice-exporting stations on the E. I. Ry.

the well-being of her votaries. This said, she appeased the wrath of the slaughtered animals and ordered them to let fall their swords upon the Raja all at once. The victims obeyed—the goddess vanished, and in a trice millions of blazing swords fell upon the neck of the Raja. The decapitation over, the swords of slaughtered victims vanished, and the Raja rising resplendent in celestial effulgence entered the eternal mansions of the good amid the rejoicing ethereal spirits.

As appendices to the foregoing histories of the two distinguished personages of antiquity, the learned antiquary has preserved two after tales. These are the tales of a pair of tanks worthy of record. We proceed to relate them in the order in which they have been preserved.

The first of these illustrates fully the mistaken notions of piety and the monstrous methods to which wealthy people sometimes resorted to perpetuate their memory. The next, the triumph of Koolinism which though considerably faded, retains much of its primitive lustre.

But ere we do so we must make some preliminary remarks to prepare the reader to what we have to say.

Many centuries after, when the greater part of the principality of Beerbhoom was covered by a stately forest, there came to the uplands of Soopore, two brothers of the names of Iswar Roy, and Bhogoban Roy, both physicians of extensive practice. These men settled upon the open plain and by their kindness, honesty and rare experience in the healing art, drew around them, in a short time, a large number of men, carpenters weavers, potters, who looked upon them as their patrons. The physicians found that the soil was exceedingly rich and their new settlement which was then a mere collection of huts possessed many natural advantages. The village which they called Soopore was then as now, situated on the left bank of the Ajai and guarded on the north by a forest whose remains might still be traced in the stumps of

sal trees found in the vicinity of Soorool, Ballabhpoore and other obscure villages. The Roy brothers, like great founders of colonies in unknown lands, were men of exemplary character, devoted entirely to works of public utility. They guided the people to build houses in rows, dig tanks at convenient distances, to cultivate waste lands round their homes, and to establish a fair for the exhibition and sale of the produce of their labor. In the course of a few years the village rose rapidly into importance and in the lifetime of its noble founders attained the dignity of a first class town of a rural district. Their descendants continued to live centuries in the village, but possessing none of the merits of their illustrious ancestors, they lost their hold upon the estimation of the people, and were at last confounded with the humblest population of the village.

The jak tank which still inspires awe into the minds of men well conversant with the antiquities of Soopore is another monument of the deeds or misdeeds of some of the zealots of antiquity. The sixth descendant from Bhagwan Roy the founder of Soopore acquired immense wealth, and being successful in feuds which frequently ended in useless bloodshed or transfer to himself of the property of others, rose to the dignity of supreme zemindar. By frugal management of funds at his disposal, by lending money at an exorbitant rate of interest, by widening the gap of hostility between rival land holders, and other means which the unenlightened zemindars of those days did not scruple to adopt, he succeeded in wrenching many fruitful villages from the hands of brother landlords. He enjoyed life according to his own idea of the enjoyment of it, and in due course of time the natural termination of it drew near. He saw with pain the immense wealth he had accumulated and saw too there was none to whom it might fairly descend. At last he hit upon a method of disposing of his acquisitions. The practice of Jak endowment,

like that of the self-immolation of Hindoo widows upon the funeral piles of their deceased husbands, has ceased to exist, but in the time we are speaking of, both of them flourished and exercised vast influence upon society.

The wealthy zemindar, in absence of any other way to transmit his wealth, sought to employ the assistance of a jak (boy entombed alive). Accordingly he ordered the erection of a tomb spacious enough to contain all the treasure he sought to put in, the victim, and provisions for him to last a month. The square tomb surmounted with a beautiful dome was erected, with a small aperture at the top, to admit air. There the immense wealth consisting of gold and silver coins and precious stones were put in jars seven in number, well filled, and placed in the form of a crescent. At each corner was placed a golden lamp. From the top hung another lamp suspended by a chain of solid gold. It was to illumine the part of the tomb where floor-lights could not reach. Within this house, exactly below the hanging light, was a place for the repose of the victim, if repose it might be called, of one about to die.

All was ready, but the life that was to be sacrificed before the shrine of superstition. The anxious mothers kept constant watch over their sons, and none so jealously as she—the lone widow who had an only son to soothe her sorrows. The house of the zemindar was dreaded as the den of a savage animal, and the people of Soopore waited in awful suspense the outcome of the ominous preparations.

At last, a singular incident happened which enabled him to obtain what he sought. A peasant boy, the only son of a forlorn widow, came to the house of the landlord with presents consisting of pot herbs and a few species of edible fruits. He was conducted to the landlord who beheld the boy attentively, and hearing that he was the only son of a widowed mother determined to use him as a sacrifice in the ceremony. The servants were

ordered to pay every attention to the boy and do whatever might make him forget his situation. People approached him with profound respect, and the menials treated him as if he was the heaven appointed heir to the richest zemindar of the province. Fruits of the most delicious flavour and sweets which the unfortunate peasant boy had never tasted before, were heaped before him, and there was a competition among the servants to press him to his food. The day was spent in merriment, and easy acts of courtesy or kindness were shewn to win his heart. The boy however not knowing the reason of all this wondered why he ~~was made~~ so much of, but one thing which kept up the spirits of the poor boy even when the most mysterious ceremonies were passing round, was the hope, to relate to his mother, on his return, the kind treatment he had received from the zemindar. The mournful day closed, the last day the victim was to live upon the earth.

With a confused clang of gongs, conch shells and cymbals, mingled with loud shouts of brutalized men and unsexed women, the awful ceremony began; and the victim was duly bathed in cooling extracts of sandal wood. He was then clothed in red raiment, decorated with eyesalve and other pegments, and then led to the tomb plentifully stored with all kinds of provisions. When the door was about to shut for ever the zemindar asked his victim if he desired to eat anything. He remained mute for a time, but repeatedly pressed with the request, he said, he would eat the first thing he would see the succeeding morn. It so happened that next day a new-born calf, sprightly, and gay, came bounding to the spot where the tomb was erected, and the jak asked the zemindar to kill and dress it to him. Being a strict Hindoo he could not comply with his request, and the enraged jak repaired to his closet, pronouncing curses upon the misguided man.

Ages have rolled on, and yet the memory of the awful event survives, in the name of the tank. The very spot

where the tomb was raised has long been forgotten, yet the credulous village folks who have their houses round about this tank still pretend to hear the sullen imprecations of the jak. The lonely situation, and the blue waters of the tank, are yet looked upon with mysterious awe, and aged grandfathers never forget to dilate largely on it in their evening gossip.

The next tank, which has an equal claim to antiquity, has a history of its own far less sombre in its character, but decidedly equally interesting. The story runs thus:—

Of a sultry summer's day, says the manuscript, a Koolin girl of the physician caste was passing through the village of Soopore in her way to her father's house. She was the daughter of a Koolin of the highest order, whose ancestry the proudest heralds in Bengal felt it a glory to recite. The genealogical tree as yet was in full vigour, and bore, up to that day, precious fruits in all its branches. Successive heads of the family watched the purity of it with zealous care and none ever ventured to tarnish it by marrying their children to those of obscure parentage. From the grey patriarch to the raw stripling, Koolinism was a theme of eager enthusiasm. Every scion, even the sickliest felt it; and never ceased to descant upon it. The girl we are speaking of, was well conscious of the honour from the ensuing dialogue between the bearers of the vehicle, she was in and their precious charge.

"What village is this," enquired she of one of the bearers.

"Soopore," was the respectful reply.

"Stay the vehicle then" said the girl.

Really there was great need of refreshment. The way-worn bearers answered with a groan; there was a sudden stop to their peculiar melody.

The palanquin was placed under the shade of a spreading banyan and the bearers prepared tobacco to puff away the sweating weariness. Some of them bathed in the beautiful

tank to the north of the trec, and then repaired to the village grog-shop to drown their toil in liquor. When they returned, the girl went to drink, when the idea occurred to know the lineage of the person who owned the tank. The bearers, who were not the natives of the place, could not satisfy her impertinent curiosity. A few minutes she paused, when to her great relief a girl of peerless beauty attended by a couple of handmaids came to the spot. Her she asked again, as she was extremely thirsty and that in the sight at the tempting reservoir of sparkling water.

"Sister," asked she, "who is the possessor of the tank." "My father," replied the other. "To what caste does he belong?" "To the physician," was the soft reply.

"Is he a Koolin?" she asked again, "No, a Moulik of the first water, one who has been always held in the highest esteem by the Koolins."

"Yes—they say he has united the four oceans," said one of the handmaids whose impatient garrulity was on the alert to seize the first opportunity to join in the talk.

"The prince of the *Mouliks*" said the other handmaid, who did not like to be outdone by her compeer.

"Union of the four oceans"! "Prince of the *Mouliks*"! echoed the stranger with a sarcastic smile. "Surely you have something of which you may be proud; but pray, sister, did any Koolin Baidya of the poorest fortune ever honor thy father with the dust of his feet? Did any ever spread a leaf to partake of his hospitality? Ah no, green girls as you are, you little know the awful distance between us."

So saying the proud Koolin girl, whose newly offended dignity would not allow her to discuss with those whom she considered no more than outcastes contemptuously turned from the tank, and getting into the palanquin again ordered the bearers to lift it up.

"Stay, Sister, stay" said the daughter of the *Moulik* girl, somewhat mortified, "the fruits of the forest, the water of the tank are always acceptable to the gods, even from the humblest." "So they are," said she, "when the gods are propitiated by prayer. Tell thy father that his immense wealth is but a wearying heap of rubbish; and had it been ten times so it would not induce a Koolin girl to wash her feet at his. I know not what my father would think when told that his daughter stopped though accidentally beside a *Moulik's* tank."

Here the haughty girl ceased, and the bearers, who were by this time quite refreshed, resumed their journey.

The shame and confusion of the *Moulik* girl may be easily imagined. Never affronted by any even in the most objectionable point of discussion, she thought much of herself and more of her father. But this singular conduct of the beautiful stranger touched her to the quick, with a heavy heart she returned to her father and told him what had happened. Her father resolved to salve the wound inflicted on the heart of his beloved daughter, and with this object sought to marry his son with one of the daughters of that proud family. He offered a large sum for the hand of the bride but this was treated with contempt, and the messenger brought nothing but abuse. Ganapati Roy, however, was a man that never knew how to swerve from his purpose. Quite unmoved by the insult, he sent men to Sreekund for six months, every time renewing his request with greater earnestness and strengthening it with enlarged proffers of gold. The inexorable father of the bride at last agreed, but it cost Ganapati Roy no less than half of his estate. Golden coins were showered upon the obscure Koolin family, every member of which came by an estate by the immensely profitable bargain.

No marriage could be more joyous. The whole village of Soopore was in a state of perfect jubilee. The precious girl was brought in triumph and the water in which her little feet

were washed was sprinkled over all the palatial building of the Roy. It is said that on one occasion the girl went to the memorable tank to bathe. As there was no regular bathing ghat her ankle was spoiled by the sticking of mud. This her father-in-law could not bear at all. He immediately ordered a bathing ghat to be constructed, from which a foot-path ran to the interior of his house. A portion of this brick-built pathway still remains. It reminds the few Koolins, who live in the village scattered here and there, of the days when they were held in high esteem. A few years of rain and rough weather, and this last vestige of Koolinism here will cease to exist. Alas! it should be so!

We wish not to keep the reader confined to this manuscript only. Every village of Beerbhoom has a glorious antiquity of its own. The remains of heroes and poets are mingled with its dust. We shall try to present our readers with real accounts of this Rajasthan of Bengal.

G. L. G.

ON THE DEATH OF A. C. D.

Oh, Spirit mourned with fond regret!
Oh, Who could deem thy star would set,
In life's proud hour, in youth's first noon,
In bloom of life, and oh so soon?
True emblem of the good and wise,
Why heeded not our moans and cries?
Why passed from us without a sigh?
Why left us all to mourn and cry?
Ah! say what forced thee from this land,
And fly unto a holier strand?
Ah! say was it paternal love?
Say, called thy children from above?

That thou hast left this world so soon,
Thy noble wishes all undone ?
Or say could not this sad Earth be.
A home unto a saint like thee ?
And that quite weary with its care,
Albeit like Saint thou dost them bear,
You passed from us where saints have rest,
From whence you came,—home of the blest !
Thy brothers, sisters, call for you ;
And mourn the loss so sad, so true ;
And pine for thee from day to day,
Their joys in earth have passed away.
Your boy, the darling of your heart,
From whom you ne'er before could part.
Now, where is he ? Say to whose care,
You've left your boy and image fair ?
He sees, poor thing, but knows not why
The tears flow from his mother's eye,
Why all around a silence keep,
And why they look at him and weep.
He knows not that his father's dead,
But, wonders why his joys are fled.
And will they weep and mourn in vain,
Shall they not see thee,—but once again ?
Thy country's call, thy friends' loud moan,
Will they not break thy slumber lone ?
O ! God, in whom alone they trust,
How long this grief endure they must ?
Till life's last lingering hours are passed,
And dust is mingled with the dust.

B. DUTT.

